THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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SONG FOR THE TIMES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY E. MARGARET STARR.

Brothers! our Country calls us—
  Heard ye that startling cry?
Forward by tens of thousands—
  Our Union must not die.
Her ruddy sons must rally,
  From mountain, hill and glen!
Our Country calls for *Soldiers!*
  Our Country calls for *Men!*

By every hope of Freedom,
  By every hope in life,
For your sons, your children's children,
  Be ye manful in the strife.
Trust in the God of Battles—
  Day shall be born of night,
And out of sin and sorrow
  He will bring forth the right.

Through an age of mighty progress,
  When the heart and brain were strong,
Through an age when selfish cunning
  Plotted treason, guilt and wrong.
Through an age when men were blinded
  By passion and by pride,
When freedom and when slavery
  Were dwelling side by side;

When our rulers gave eye service,
  And when money bought them power,
When a million voices shouted
  For the hero of the hour;
When mighty ships were laden
  With the produce of our land,
When our States were bound together
  By the railroad's iron band;

When prosperity had placed us
  In the very lap of ease,
When our starry flag was floating
  Gaily o'er a hundred seas—
All this time the storm was rising,
  Gathering in its mighty host,
While armed men rose up to meet it,
  That the day might not be lost.

Ye who are in comfort sitting,
  By the firesides they defend,
Will ye see your brothers bearing
  The burthen to the end?
No! By the blood of Freemen,
  Pulsating through each heart;
Now, while your country calls you,
  Go forth and bear your part.

Lisbon, 1864.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE, ALEXANDRA PARK.

This building is similar in plan and purpose to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, and will be erected on the north side of London in a fine park, which has been named after the Princess of Wales.

In the centre transept will be an orchestra for grand musical performances, capable of containing three thousand performers, with space for an audience of twenty thousand. In the smaller transepts a concert room and a theatre,—on the ground floor various dining rooms. Other arrangements, such as news, reading, writing, and coffee-rooms, library, museums, picture galleries, &c., &c., are all considered, together with many things tending to the entertainment and comfort of the public, among which are a cricket ground, with two pavilions, and a spacious gymnasium.

THE DESERTED HOUSE ON THE LANDES.

In the midst of the flat, grassy, furze-besprinkled plain which lies between that town of ancient memories, La Teste de Buch, and the more modern one of Cazeaux, may be seen a large substantial-looking stone house. There, as if just dropped in the midst of the solitude, it stands, deserted and alone; its nearest neighbors the funereal pines which stand immovable on the distant horizon; and form as it were a silent living wall, closing in the plain on every side. The situation of the house is undoubtedly peculiar, but in the building itself there is not the smallest claim to the romantic. Far from ruinous, certainly not picturesque, the plain unadorned stone edifice looks commonplace and ordinary to a degree. There it stood in its utter dreary loneliness the April morning I saw it first, the door ajar, as if silently inviting the entrance of *some* passer-by, but the inquisitive grasses that peered cautiously through the window-panes were its only visitors. Undoubtedly it had its history, but a thick veil of mystery hung darkly over it, and overshadowed its past life with a gloomy pall.

"*Eh! mon Dieu, monsieur,*" said the horror-stricken Arcachon *gamin*, who, having constituted himself my guide, and goad to the wretched horse on which I was mounted, was following me in the above capacities to Cazeaux and beguiling the dreary way through the Landes by a flood of gossipping talk. "*Eh, mon Dieu!* no one would think of going into that house," strongly reprobating my desire to go near it, and pulling the head of my hired charger in the opposite direction.

"And why not?" I asked, applying the butt of my fishing-rod in the spirit of opposition pretty forcibly to Coco'i hind-quarters, whose skin, by the way, was about as sensitive as the hide of a rhinoceros.

"Because, because," gasped the boy, keeping tight hold of the bridle, "there are ghosts there—"

"Which I should particularly like to see. Bah," I continued, "what do you expect to happen, *mon ami?* The ghosts are not likely to eat you, though you are young and tender."

"*Si, si, Monsieur,*" said Georges, showing his white teeth to great advantage, "they might well do it, for they are wicked, *ces messieurs-là.*"

"Well then, my child," I said, dismounting; "if you don't like to visit them, stay here. *I* couldn't be so impolite. If I don't come back, why, then you may suppose they have been inhospitable enough to eat me, but *par exemple,*" I continued, involuntarily shrugging my shoulders, "such a tough morsel is not likely to tempt them, if they have any common sense—or know what indigestion means."

But Georges was very unhappy all the same. He implored, remonstrated, almost came to tears, "*mais, que voulez-vous,*" as I heard him afterwards observe to a select audience at Cazeaux: "My father truly says that the English are so eccentric, so obstinate. Ah, how my heart beat, how I suffered! But monsieur apparently cared for none of these things," for, fishing-rod in hand, I walked up to the open door through a flood of bright morning sunshine, and having pushed it a few inches wider open, entered the hall. "What was to be seen there," do you ask? Just nothing. And the empty void of the hall repeated itself in the room to the right, the door of which stood open. *Cobwebs* in abundance certainly, but no other sign of life. The lock of the second door on the right was stiff, but at last it suddenly opened, and I went in. This room was furnished, the bare-boarded floor indeed had no carpet, the windows had no curtains, but there was a great sofa near the fire-place where the half-burned logs of wood lay blackened and charred. Over the chimney-piece was the inevitable mirror. An arm-chair with a tumbled, somewhat faded chintz cover, faced the sofa on the opposite side of the hearth. A round mahogany table with a thick coating of dust, in which, after the manner of my countrymen, I wrote my name, (you see I had no visiting cards to leave,) stood in the middle of the floor; another table in the far window, a very ancient piano against the wall near the door, some dozen or so of chairs covered with chintz of the same pattern as the arm-chair, stood grouped near the tables and ranged against the wall. Such was the furniture. Having surveyed the room to my satisfaction, I returned to the hall, and went upstairs. All the rooms there were empty except two. In one were two bedsteads, "with bedding complete," to use an auctioneer's phrase; a marble-topped table, over which was a mirror, the gilding of its frame a good deal tarnished and worn off; and three or four chairs. The other, a very small room, contained a turned-up bedstead only, which not looking particularly interesting, I did not care to examine, but retraced my steps down stairs. There was a nest of small rooms, some boarded, some flagged, opposite to those I first visited; one, that had evidently been the kitchen, contained some kitchen utensils hanging up against the wall, and a large deal table; but the rest were empty, and having looked through them, and thus "*done*" the house, I returned to my *gamin* Georges, who had meanwhile retired to a safe distance on the grassy plain, and hailed me as joyfully as he might have hailed one risen from the dead. Poor little chap! though not, perhaps, the stuff of which heroes are made, he was a nice little fellow, and capital company.

Well, we went on through the April sunshine to Cazeaux, the larks overhead singing and singing from the exhilarating influence of the bright spring morning, as if their little throats could never tire. Apparently the young Georges, who was an equally untiring chatterbox, gossiped indefatigably to every one he saw at Cazeaux, about "Monsieur" and the deserted house; for on my return to the village from the lake, where I had spent the day fishing, I found myself, *nolens volens*, turned into a lion. Here was a real living specimen of a peculiarly eccentric Englishman to be seen gratis. Naturally, the whole population turned out to look.

But, strange to say, I could not elicit no particulars from any inhabitant of Cazeaux of the history of the "House."

"Could you tell me, madame, something of its occupants?" I asked, as soon as I could edge in a word, of a very voluble old lady, who had been favoring me, while knitting indefatigably at a stocking, with a most diffuse account of an acquaintance she had once had with an English family named *Gogneak*, at some period it is to be supposed, so very remote in the past, that that curious patronymic had since had time to become extinct.

"*Eh, parbli, monsieur!*" rejoined Madame Veuve Tournier, with a shrug, "I am from La Hume. The house has been that way ever since I came here."

Even the herdsmen, those unearthly looking apparitions, who, clad in skeepskins, and mounted on stilts fully five feet high, stalked in front of their flocks of sheep and goats, looking like denizens of some other world, and of whom we saw several on our way back from Arcachon; even they, whom one supposes necessarily gifted with the supernatural powers of the weird magicians of old, could tell us nothing of those who once dwelt in that lonely house.

"It had a bad reputation; why should they investigate into the causes of the strange, unusual noises that would often startle them from that direction at night? We are not curious, *nous autres.*" "*En effet,*" I replied, laughing; as we parted from our last son of Anak, who vociferated unintelligibly in patois in reply.

Well, April, capricious, charming April, merged gently into May; the genial, flowery May, well known to the poets and the south of France, but *not*, alas, to my native land. Arcachon, a belle at all times, became a very Hebe in her gala dress of flowers and bright colors. Sounds of life and laughter were in her pine groves, and the gay, stirring, many-colored street by the seashore; the acacias which flank each side of the road to La Teste de Buch scented the air with the delicate perfume radiating from their white robes of blossom; and young May, just entering her teens, was to be seen abroad looking her very fairest, on the morning I started for a day's fishing at Cazeaux. Knowing well every turn of the usual and shortest route through the forest, I dispensed with the attendance of the young lady who acted as groom to the wonderful brown I had hired for the day, and set off alone. I reached Cazeaux without accident—spent the day on the soft mild waters of its great silent lake (equal in extent, it is said, to the Bassin d'Arcachon), which lies embosomed in the dark pine forest; and as evening drew near, I gathered up my spoils, remounted my shambling Rosinante, and started on my return to Arcachon.

As the afternoon wore on, the sky had become overcast, the atmosphere still and sultry; and rain threatened to come before long as I crossed Cazeaux bridge. I had intended to have returned home by the same route as I had taken in the morning; but, suddenly recollecting that a man I wanted particularly to see on business was to leave La Teste for Paris early next day, I changed my mind, and determined to take the more circuitous road to Arcachon by La Teste. The evening was gloomy, and the air ominously close and still, as I rode along the canal that connects Cazeaux with La Teste. The sun, quite out of sorts at the disgrace of finding himself *under a cloud* in his old age, had gone into retirement until such times as the storm blew over. The light-hearted, merry larks were silent, and the sandy grass plain was only enlivened by some poverty-stricken looking cows, who were disconsolately wandering through it to the music of their unmelodious bells. At first I tried to induce the old Methuselah on which I was mounted to hurry on, but soon gave *that* up as useless, the brown hardening himself utterly against persuasions of all kinds; the more *striking* my arguments grew, the slower he went; so, finally I resigned myself to his will, and we jogged drearily along, both of us I suspect in a brown study. We had left Cazeaux, I dare say, about an hour, when the big drops of rain slowly plashed down, an ominous distant rumble told that something else was coming.

A minute or two of perfect stillness, then suddenly a tremendous clap of thunder roared deafeningly over my head, preceded by a flash of lightning so vivid that it felt quite to blind me, and the horse started violently from terror. An inch or two farther and we should have been bodily in the canal, and this veracious history might never have been written. It was a very close thing; but Methuselah only *nearly* lost his footing. One leg indeed slid down the steep bank, but a sharp dig of the spurs made him recover himself, and scramble up *tant bien que mal.* The rain now poured down in a great sheet of water. As to shelter, there was simply none, on the open grassy plain. None, did I say? I forgot the existence of the deserted house, till, on looking round, I saw it standing with invitingly open door some distance on our left. Never was sight more welcome. With considerable difficulty, and, indeed, only by tying my handkerchief over the eyes of the unfortunate brown, whom the thunder and lightning caused quite to lose his head—I managed that we should both reach our haven of refuge before getting *quite* soaked through. The door lay partially open, as I have said, there was more than enough space for me to enter, but as there was not sufficient for the admission of the horse, I gave it a push, expecting it to yield at once. But I found that it was uncommonly stiff, and it was with much difficulty I succeeded in moving it sufficiently to enable the old brown to drag himself through.

We went into the empty front room, which was just as I had seen it three weeks before; and as I stood in the window I congratulated myself immensely that we had a roof over our heads. But time wore on, darkness slowly crept nearer and nearer, and at last I began to wish the pelting rain would cease; but *it* didn't seem to have the slightest idea of doing anything of the kind. The lightning, if possible, became more vivid than ever; and the window-frames rattled again amid the great crashing of the thunder. It was evident that the elements intended to make a night of it now they had the chance, and as I did not the least fancy a two-hours' jog to La Teste through the storm, I determined to migrate to the next room, and make myself as comfortable as circumstances would permit on the big sofa. Taking off the horse's bridle, I therefore first, as a precautionary measure, hobbled his fore-legs, that if the fancy *should* seize that valuable animal to make his way out during the night, he might not be able to wander far enough to get lost in the forest. This done, I turned my steps to the next room.

With the help of a box of matches and a newspaper that I happened to have in my pocket, I set to work at the half-burned logs on the hearth, got up a feeble fire, lit my pipe, and drawing one of the chairs up in front of the fireplace, under the combined soothing influences of the fire and the "*baccy,*" fell into a reverie, and finally, I suspect, a sleep. How long it lasted I don't the least know, but I suddenly became aware that the fire had died out, and that thick darkness was all around me. The thunder and rain appeared to have ceased, for not a sound broke the complete silence, which came to feel so oppressive that at last I got up, and groped my way into the passage to look out on the night.

Feeling my way by the wall I slowly progressed along till I reached the hall door, but it was shut. Shut? How odd! I had certainly left it open. Perhaps it was the wrong door. But I soon convinced myself that was not the case by striking a match—my last, I was sorry to perceive.

"Very odd," I said to myself, "the door was so firmly driven back by the passage of the horse, it couldn't have been shut without considerable force and noise. I wonder I didn't hear it clap, but at all events I'll go out for a bit." That was easier said than done. I put out my right hand as a matter of course, but it was very strange, I couldn't grasp the handle. I saw well enough where it was by the match, yet somehow my fingers couldn't take hold of it. "What nonsense," I said to myself, as I perforce dropped the burning end of the match on the floor; "what can have come over me?" and I put out my left hand. A strange twinge ran through it the moment it touched the handle, and it dropped numb and powerless to my side; I felt I couldn't raise it, couldn't move a muscle of it. A light mocking laugh sounded suddenly behind me, and I am afraid I lost my temper. "Confound you!" I involuntarily burst out, "what do you mean by that idiotic titter? Open the door." Dead silence. Perfect unbroken silence, and the darkness seemed to wrap round me and envelope me in a thick fog. There was an oppression, a weight in the atmosphere, and I felt an indescribable *something* that seemed to make it an impossibility either to speak or move. Yet my senses seemed at the same time strained to an unnatural degree of expectation, I felt as if my hearing, for example, was become unnaturally acute; and yet, God knows, there was nothing to hear. Utter complete silence, silence indeed that "could be felt."

With a strong effort I raised myself from the wall against which I had been leaning, and determined to make my way back to my sofa. Instantly I felt I had regained power over my arms, and I made a dash at the door. Quite in vain. Again my hands trembled and fell powerless to my side, and again that aggravating laugh was heard, as if mocking my puny efforts. Restraining my anger, I got up a laugh myself not to be out of the fashion, but I could not help knowing that it sounded forced and strange. "How charmingly hospitable you are!" I exclaimed, in French. "Really your affection for my company is quite touching, what a pity I can't reciprocate it. Oh!" I thought involuntarily as the jibing titter again sounded close to my ear, "if I had but a light." The thought had hardly crossed my mind before I felt a curious conviction that there was a light in the room I had not long since left. By some irresistible impulse I felt myself attracted thither. I turned round. Why, I could see a light shining through the doorway from where I stood—there was no doubt about *that.* I strided rapidly down the hall, and rushed into the room. No wonder I had seen a light, for an immense wood fire burned brightly on the hearth. I could hardly believe my senses. Where had the great pile of wood come from? How was it I had heard no signs of fire-kindling through the open door? It was certainly very strange. Decidedly comfortable, though, all the same; for it made the dusty old room look wonderfully cheery, so I felt quite grateful for the attention, and mentally revoked all the abuse I had levelled at my invisible companions.

Drawing my chair again in front of the fire, I sat for some time enjoying the warmth and gazing on the blazing logs; then I tried the old piano, a wonderful instrument frightfully out of tune, that would have made Thalberg shiver; and finally, stretched myself on the vast sofa, which protested against my weight by many internal groans. Turning my face from the glare of the fire, I lay for some time in a dreamy reverie, till a slight stir made me involuntarily turn my head. What was that? A living form or a shapeless mass, that the leaping

flickering flames showed me in the arm-chair opposite? Certainly there was *something* there, a grayish thing, huddled up rather back in the shadow of the chimney-piece. Stay, it moves, a head with the long dishevelled dark hair of a woman emerges gradually from under the gray wrapping. "Was this the nymph who laughed in the hall, and noiselessly lighted the fire, I wonder?" thought I to myself, as I watched the silent surging of the drapery. "I think I ought to thank her for the fire at all events." So with a preliminary hem to attract the attention of my Phyllis, I began a polite speech. Rapidly and noiselessly, as I spoke, the contents of the chair glided shapelessly out of sight, melted gradually and imperceptibly away, dissolving before my stupefied gaze into nothingness. There stood the empty arm-chair, the fire-light playing on its faded chintz cover. I could hardly believe my eyes. Could it have been a dream? A titter seemed to come from under the sofa. I snatched one of the burning logs from the hearth and peered underneath. Of course there was nothing there except dust, of that there was any amount. Surprised and bewildered, I stood for a moment log in hand. "There's not much chance of finding anyone, I suppose," I thought to myself; "but at anyrate I'll search the house." So, taking a flaming stick in each hand to light me as torches on my way, I set out on my travels.

First, I explored the nest of rooms opposite. They were all perfectly empty except the kitchen, where I found my old Rosinante, who had apparently betaken himself there in a vain hope that a kitchen might furnish food, and now looked more woe-begone and out of sorts than ever, from his disappointment. Upstairs I tramped, looked into every room, curiously examined the turned-up bedstead in the small room, and came to the conclusion that it was a decidedly disreputable old relic; discovered an unlocked wall press, which, however, contained nothing but a horribly damp, mouldy smell, and returned to my fire as wise as I set out. No living thing, no sign of life was to be seen in the house, and pitching my improvised torches back on the hearth, I threw myself with disgust on the sofa, and revolved the mysterious riddle in my mind. I always was immensely worried by difficult problems, and this one I couldn't solve, try as I would. I leant back on the sofa still pondering, and as I lay there I felt a consciousness creeping over me that there was something coming stealthily behind my back. Involuntarily I turned my head. Close to me, the soft, brown-bearded chin leaning on the back of the sofa, was a man's head. I felt his breath on my cheek as I turned my face, and his strange sad gray eyes seemed to look me through and through. I started up and faced him—he was gone. Utterly vanished. Where had he gone to? Ah, that was the mystery; unless he had sank down through the floor, which seemed as firm as strong boards could make it.

"Well," I thought to myself, "certainly this is a house of odd inmates. If the fellow had only told me his story before he disappeared in that absurd way—" and, rousing up the fire, which was beginning to get low, I half expected to see him back again when I had completed a scientific arrangement of the logs. But there was nothing. I went over to the window. The night was dark and cloudy, and the wind sighed a plaintive lament now and then. I tried to open the sash, but I found that it had been nailed down, so, as it was but stupid work staring out at the elements, I sauntered presently back to my sofa, my hands in my pockets, determined to woo old Morpheus as the last resource of ennui.

"If it were only morning," I thought, "I would make another trial at that confounded hall door." "Ah, you will never leave this house," slowly whispered a low sad voice in startling proximity to my ear. "Indeed!" I said, not caring this time to take the trouble to move (you see I had got to consider the unusual quite as a matter of course), "may I ask why?" But there was no answer. As I lay on the sofa, with closed eyes, I *knew* there was a form close to me, that if I looked I should see *some* shape, but a strange reluctance seemed to prevent my doing so—a presentiment of evil, an indefinable horror thrilled strangely through me, but I struggled against it and forced myself to look. For an instant I got a glimpse of the bearded face and sad gray eyes I had seen before leaning over me; then I felt stifling, powerless; I knew that pitiless torso was slowly, surely, smotheringly, crushing down upon me, and that there was no escape. Closer and closer still it came stealthily on, and gasping for breath I—awoke from my dream, to find myself lying on my back on the sofa, the old brown snuffling at my face, and the bright May sun shining in through the opposite window.

Didn't I tell you that I "suspected I fell asleep" in front of the fire? O.

☞ A few years ago a physician of George town, West Indies, examined the body of a man that had been discovered under a heap of cane-trash, or the fibrous residue of the canes, and found that the body emitted no smell, and was dried up like a mummy. He did not at the time proclaim his discovery, but immediately instituted experiments on dead animals, which completely confirmed his observation. Convinced thereby that by the fermentation of fresh cane-trash a disinfecting and antiseptic gas was evolved, he immediately turned his attention to the means of employing the sugar-cane as a preservative against epidemics and contagious diseases and as a medicinal plant generally. There happened to be a great number of patients suffering from ulcers at the hospital, and a contagious gangrene had declared itself: the physician caused several tubs containing cane-trash, to be placed in the wards, and the supply to be renewed at intervals. In a short time the atmosphere of the hospital was purified, and the contagion entirely ceased.

☞ General Sherman on Correspondents.—General Sherman's dislike of newspaper correspondents in the army is well known, but the following official order, issued last Friday, is the strongest expression yet uttered by him or on his behalf:

"Kingston, May 20, 1864.

"General Sherman has not prohibited mails to the North; on the contrary, he encourages every officer and soldier to write home as often as he can, and orders every facility to the mails. He discourages the writing and publishing of letters by paid correspondents, whose letters are the vehicles of mischief and vanity. By authority, John C. Vandaser,

"Captain, and Assistant Superintendent United States Military Telegraph."

☞ The present rebellion is a great suspension bridge thrown across the river of Progress, over which the great emigrant train of America's sons shall pass to its glorious and final destiny.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1864.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

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☞ The matter in THE POST will always be different from that in THE LADY'S FRIEND.

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

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☞ Specimen numbers will be sent gratuitously, (when written for) *to those desirous of procuring subscribers.*

☞ Editors inserting the above will be entitled to an exchange.

THE SKIES BRIGHTER.

As we make up our columns this week, the skies look brighter than they have looked for some time past.

Sherman appears either to have taken Atlanta, or to have almost a sure thing of it. Johnston's "wonderful strategy" seems to be what we have always supposed it—the strategy of avoiding a battle with a superior foe. It is reported now that he has been superseded by the rebel general Hood.

The rebel invasion of Maryland, which doubtless meant plunder and destruction, with an attack on Washington if that city were found defenceless, has been rolled back. There are some rumors of a second invasion, in larger force, being meditated; and this is so very reasonable a thing for Lee to do, under the circumstances, that it should be guarded against, and an army collected sufficiently powerful not only to defend the border, but to act upon the offensive.

We have various reports of attempts at Peace negotiations—amounting to very little so far, but proving that the rebels are becoming very sick of the war; the main current of which has been, from the first, decidedly against them. Look on the map, and see how steadily our armies have gained, until Sherman, at Atlanta, absolutely begins to menace Lee with a grand movement upon his rear.

Of course the rebels will flout the first terms that are offered them—they are old hands at this sort of thing—and abruptly break off the negotiations. But let them splurge awhile. The war still goes on the same, and nothing is lost.

The Romans had a rule never to treat for peace while the conflict was going against them. It was a wise rule. Now is a very good time for these peace nibblings to be going on. Ultimately the rebel leviathan will be apt to take the hook, as well baited as he can get it.

The course of gold is downward. Greenbacks are like everything else—make them scarce and they will become more valuable. The new Secretary of the Treasury is believed to be utterly opposed to any further emissions of paper, and to favor the employment of means to increase the value of that already in circulation. May he be successful in so doing, for a continued depreciation of the legal tenders of a country, while stimulating at first, ultimately becomes a serious burden upon all trade and business.

Prang's Album Pictures.—We have received from the publishers, L. Prang & Co., 159 Washington street, Boston, two sets of their admirable cards, "American Birds, part 3," and "Roses." The birds are life-like in form and attitude, and we believe faithfully natural in their coloring; giving not pleasure only, but clear and accurate information, as the common and scientific names are both appended. The roses are beautiful exceedingly. The exquisite moss rose and dainty forget-me-not make a perfect combination; the safrano has a luscious richness of tint; the white, delicate and ethereal, and the sumptuous crimson moss contrast charmingly; and the wild rose looks as if just plucked from the road-side in June, so natural that the very fragrance of the flower seems stealing out from its four simple petals. The artists employed by this establishment are in many cases eminently successful.

MY FIRST DEAL IN HORSH-FLESH.

When the Pet began to kneel and use her beseeching eyes, I knew full well that, although I may pretend to make a fight, the battle was really finished.

"But," I said, "I really don't think, Beaty, that it's quite consistent in a country parson's daughter to be scampering about the country on horseback. You know how censorious people are. There are the Misses—"

Pet put her hand upon my mouth at once, tossed back the bush of golden, silken hair from either cheek, and held up her finger,—

"Now, that is all nonsense, papa, dear; besides, you know you are always talking about Mr. Kingsley and the value of muscular Christianity, and plunder his ideas for Sunday use sometimes," she said, screwing up her violet eyes in the most comical manner; "and now you have an opportunity of putting these ideas in practice, you put me off with what the Misses ——— will say. Is it fair now, sir, that you men-folk should keep all the muscular Christianity to yourselves, and not spare a little bit to the women-folk?"

This was touching me hard, though I gave in at once.

"But supposing, Beaty, we could find you this fancy steed you talk about—"

"Supposing, papa! There is no supposing about the matter. All you are asked to do is to find the money, and I'll find the dear delightful little horse—so that's settled. And, you know, it will be a positive saving, papa; for that beautiful habit of mamma's, which cost thirty-five guineas, will be perfectly destroyed by the moths, unless it is taken out and worn; so, you see, the cost of the horse will be more than saved after all."

I did not see the cogency of the argument, it is true; but who ever thought of arguing with Beaty when she looked you through with her large and fathomless violet eyes? At least, not her papa. And possibly another, one of these days, will feel inclined to forget his logic also.

Beaty was as good as her word. One morning, at breakfast, she came running up with the Times, and throwing herself down on her knees, in the old cuddling, irresistible fashion, exclaimed:

"I've found him! I believe my 'good fairy' has put this advertisement in on purpose to please me." And she began to read:—

TO BE SOLD—A HORSE OF GREAT BEAUTY, late the property of a deceased Gentleman. He is a beautiful Bay, with black legs, by Exmilius, perfectly quiet to ride and drive, and has carried a Lady. Appy, before 10 A. M., at —— Mews

"There, papa, if you are a good boy, you shall have a ride sometimes; and he will do for picnics, and to drive you over to Grimsby, where that tiresome old vicar always wants you to do duty for him. Did you ever hear of such a perfect animal?"

"Softly, Miss Beatrice," I said; "I am afraid all this is too good to be true. I shall be quite satisfied if he carries you."

"Now, then, dear papa, see that you go early, as such an animal is sure to be snapped up directly in London, where a good horse is always worth his money."

I took the morning-train the very next day, after many injunctions that I must on no account let the "horse of great beauty" slip through my fingers. I arrived at the mews in question at the appointed time. It was situated in a very quiet and respectable neighborhood, and was in itself a very orderly-looking place. Why do grooms take such pride in the windows of their sleeping-rooms? Every other window that I looked at was fenced in with a mimic five-barred gate, the palings painted white, and the five-barred gate green. No doubt these are but expressions of the country taste of the country-bred lads who come up to town to seek their fortunes, and sink down into the cunning grooms one meets with at the corners of streets in May Fair, plotting treason against their masters with the corn-chandler. I asked in vain, for a long time, for the handsome horse, but no one seemed to know anything about him. At last I was told to apply at a particularly quiet and orderly-looking stable, where my informant told me he had "heerd of such a hoss" as I was looking for. Accordingly I knocked, but there was no answer. Tired of repeatedly knocking, I at last took the liberty of opening the door and walking in. The only person visible was a venerable looking groom, who was engaged in cleaning a horse.

"Wis'es, wis'es, wis'es," went the rheumatic old man, either not hearing me enter, or not deigning to take any notice of me, whilst intently engaged upon his duties.

He was dressed in an old purple plush waistcoat, with old silver buttons with a crest upon them, and his neck was encased in a neatly-pinned white cravat. Evidently he belonged to some old household, where a certain traditional dress was maintained, even reaching to the stable-man. There was something in the old man that spoke of better days, and I was at once prepossessed in his favor. At last, as he took no notice of me, I went up closer to him, and asked if that was the horse advertised in the Times for sale; but the only response that he made was the same "wis'es, wis'es, wis'es," his body bent quite double. At last, thinking he might be deaf, I slapped him gently on the back, on which he slowly rose up to his full height, adjusted his footing in a rickety manner, and exclaimed:

"Yes, sir, they be, worse luck, and I wish I was going to be sold wi' 'em," and immediately renewed his eternal "wis'es, wis'es, wis'es," as though he considered it an intrusion on my part to interrupt him in his duties.

"Come," I said to myself, "I must mollify this crusty, sterling old retainer, or I shall get nothing out of him. He evidently takes me for a Cockney." I tried what effect a shilling would have upon him, and immediately found that his country bluntness was no proof against the charm; in fact, he became quite communicative.

"Yes, gemman," he said, resuming for good his upright position, as well as his rheumatics would let him, "all these 'ere hosses in this stable is to be sold, and, as I said before, I wish I was going to be sold wi' 'em. They have all been under my hands ever since they was foaled. They are, or was, the property of Squire ———, of ——— Hall, in Northamptonshire, God bless him. He has now been dead three months, and his hosses was as much to him as his own childer. They tells me as how he left it in his will that they was all to be sold, without reserve, by his dear old friend, Squire ———, but they was only to go into good hands. If a good home was offered to 'em, the price was to be no consideration. He was a merciful man to his beasts, was t'old squire."

The old man, like an old horse, began to warm to his work, and he took me round the stables, with that peculiar loose hobble which grooms somehow seem to acquire in the stable.

"Ah! that were the master's own hoss," he exclaimed, affectionately patting an old hunter. "And this 'ere one carried the missus; she were a rare comely lady, and wanted some good stuff to be up to her weight, she did; and this was the pony that the young squire as was to be, used to ride, only he died; and poor master, he took on so about it, I do believe it was the death on him."

"And this one," said I, espying the bay with the black legs.

"Ah! sir," he said, "now you have hit it. I see you baint a bad judge of hosses. I see this ain't the first time you have had to do wi' 'em."

"Well," thought I to myself, "if this excellent old man wants to be sold with the lot, I won't object. He's just the sterling, trustworthy old man I would like to trust my Beaty to."

It would almost seem as though the old servitor divined my thoughts, for he said:

"Ain't he handsome as paint, sir? That was he as carried Miss Grace, she as is dead and gone now, sir, wi' her first babe. Lord, sir, the whole village used to come out to see Miss Grace a-riding, and I scarcely knowed which looked the handsomest, she or this 'ere hoss;" and the old man rubbed his eyes with his sleeve.

I stopped for a moment, and whilst I appeared to be busy looking over the animals, I was thinking to myself what a wide difference there was between servants. Here was an old fellow, as rough and as dry, to all outward appearance, as the bark of a tree, yet as tender-hearted as a child. What a contrast, I thought, to the "spick-and-span-new" grooms of the present day, whose only thought is, how they can do the animals out of their oats! There can be no doubt here, I thought, of the rare service of the antique world. This is one of the good old servants we used to hear our fathers talk about.

To return to business, however, the "horse of great beauty" was in a loose box, which showed off his points to perfection. He was a small horse, splendidly groomed, and in superb condition. He was, in short, the ideal horse for my Beaty; and I flattered myself that she would look quite as becoming upon him as Miss Grace.

"I suppose Squire ——— will allow a trial, and give a warranty with him," I said carelessly, and as a mere matter of form.

"In course," said the old man; "the condition is, that anybody that is likely to suit may have him as long as they like, to try 'un, and if they don't like 'un, they have only to bring 'un back and have their money."

Nothing could be more straightforward.

"When will Squire ——— be here?" I inquired.

"Well, sir, I did hear tell that he had to attend a Bible meeting, at Exeter Hall, and that he might look in as he came by, about one. But, Lord bless'e, sir, they kind of gemmen as goes to the hall don't take no count of hoss-flesh; and all he cares about is, that they shall get into some kind hand as likes hosses. Besides, sir, he don't much care about selling this 'ere one, as he thinks he has a friend who will take the lot."

"Very well, John," I said, liking the look of the affair more and more, "I will be here at one."

At the appointed time I was at the stable, and fortunately, the Squire looked in.

He saw me, but took not the slightest notice of my presence, but conversed with the old groom in an undertone, and was evidently giving some directions to him about one of the animals. He was on the point of going away, when the old groom hinted to me that that was the squire, and if I had anything to say I had better make haste, as he was off again to an afternoon prayer-meeting at the Hall.

Having apologized for my intrusion, I at once explained the object of my visit; and, as I did so, I could not help remarking the appearance of the squire and executor. He was dressed in black, and wore a white cravat, with an old-fashioned deep frill to his shirt, and gave me the idea of belonging to one of the learned professions—either a clergyman or physician of the old school; there was a leanness about his face, too, which gave him the air of an ascetic, but that his nimble eyes somewhat belied that character.

The principal gave me the same story about the horses as the old groom. He should be glad to get them off his hands if he could find a good master for them; and, really, he knew very little about horses, and the charge of them interfered with business on which he had come up to town, which, he gave me to understand, was to attend the May meetings. At the same time he felt it a duty to attend to the last wishes of his old friend, who was, he thought, a little sentimental about his horses, but these little weaknesses were just the things that ought to be respected. He said this very carelessly, as though he were talking to himself rather than to me.

Everything was so fair and above-board, that I determined to conclude the deal at once. I felt I was in such highly respectable hands, that I thought it would look like an insult to ask for a trial before paying, especially as I was to have a written warranty.

Just by way of airing him, he was trotted up and down the yard; and he certainly went superbly, with fine high action, and with eyes full of courage.

The money was paid, and the stamped warranty was given, and I directed the groom to send him to my own stable in town, and returned by the evening train to the rectory.

"Well, papa, what about the horse?" were the first words with which I was greeted by Miss Beaty.

"Well, my darling, it really is a superb creature, and will become you mightily."

"Didn't I tell you, papa," said she, kissing me, "that it would turn out well? You know I have a kind of presentiment about these things. You know I always get just what I want, just in the nick of time."

"Well, well, my dear, we shall see," I replied, pleased with myself and her also.

The next morning, on returning to town, I thought that, just for form's sake, I would have his paces tried by a good rider, before ordering him to be sent home. Accordingly, I got a groom from a neighboring mews. After giving my new purchase a good feed of corn, the groom mounted him. He certainly did not start very well; he swerved right round to begin with.

"He was only having a bit of play," the groom said, "after his corn."

He was trotted up and down, and the groom thought that, with regular work, he would go very well. At the same time, he gave "the office," as it is termed, to a fellow-groom that was standing by. Presently he said the horse had suddenly hurt his foot on a stone; and he certainly flinched with one foot whenever it was brought down on the hard road. It was very provoking; besides, why should the groom have winked in the way he did? It was all right, of course; but, perhaps, it would be but fair to have the opinion of a "vet." at once, instead of waiting for the three weeks' stipulated trial.

Accordingly, the "vet." was sent for, and came.

The moment he entered the stable, he gave the same comical sort of grin the groom had done.

"Ah! an old acquaintance," he exclaimed.

"Impossible," I said, somewhat hurt at his familiarity; "he has just come out of Northamptonshire."

"At all events, I have seen him bought and sold, over and over again, at Aldridge's," he rejoined.

"Why, he was late the property of Squire ———, of ——— Hall," I said, in amazement.

"Very good," replied the "vet."; "but if you will be kind enough to inspect his near forefoot, you will find a sand-crack—a split hoof,—very cleverly disguised with colored wax."

I did look at his foot, as desired; and there was the crack, so artfully filled up, that I never should have discovered it myself.

"Why, I know the horse to be dead-lame," said the "vet.", "and there is no cure for it."

Dear me, how my old friend, the groom, must have been deceived; but, at least, I had a written warranty, and I determined to see him again.

The old groom was busy as before, "wis'es, wis'es, wis'es." I told him what I had discovered, but he was as calm and stolid as ever.

"Well, you know, gemman, what Squire said. If you don't like 'un, return 'un, and there's your money for you."

I almost felt indignant with the "vet." for creating any suspicion on my mind as to the transaction; and I mildly communicated to him, when next I saw him, my belief that the very respectable vendor was perfectly innocent in the matter, and that my money was quite safe.

"If you send back the horse," he replied, you will never see either it or your money again. Take my advice, and send him to the next sale at Aldridge's, and put up with the first loss."

Against my will, I was at length convinced, and the "horse of great beauty" was knocked down for seven pounds. I am ashamed to say how much I gave for him; but let that pass. I have every reason to believe that he fell into the old hands, to whom, in fact, he was a regular annuity. I see the same advertisement appearing at regular intervals in the Times, and I have no manner of doubt that the old groom, the old physician, and the "horse of great beauty," with the wax-dressed hoof, go through their parts, during the season, with as much success and aplomb as on the occasion when I was the audience and the victim.

What Beaty said to me when I got home, and how I twitted her about her presentiment, it is not necessary to repeat. But this I know, the very respectable horse-coper must bait his hook with something different from a "horse of great beauty" before he gets another bite from the

COUNTRY PARSON.

Advance in the Price of New York Newspapers.—A correspondent of the Inquirer, dated July 20th, says:

It was stated in this correspondence a few days ago, that the proprietors of the various newspaper establishments here had it in contemplation to advance the price of their respective sheets from *three* to *four* cents, owing to the enhanced price of printing paper, labor, &c.

The arrangement goes into effect to-morrow. One paper refuses to come into the arrangement, but ultimately its accession may be calculated upon. The public, I dare say, have been anticipating this advance, and are prepared to submit to it, as they have submitted to many other things, as one of the necessities of the times.

It is a fact that the newspaper business, so far as this city is concerned, is getting to be about the most unprofitable business in existence. Taxation in every shape bears heavily upon every department, and the increased and increasing expenses of correspondence with the army, to say nothing of the enhanced wages of printers, so swallow up the earnings that but few establishments can have anything left over at the end of the year. Hence it is not surprising that many persons of talent are quitting the profession, and seeking other avenues of employment that afford better compensation for the same amount of labor. One of the most talented assistants of a morning daily in Nassau street, has just thrown down the pen, and opened a broker's office in Wall street; another has turned auctioneer; and a third has gone into the country to work on a farm. From the weekly journals there are similar subtractions. Mechanical labor is getting better and better every day, but brain work is growing cheaper and cheaper.

How Lee Repairs his Broken Railroads.—The facility with which General Lee repairs his railroads, after they have been torn up by our cavalry raiders, is accounted for by facts, the truth of which is undoubted. General Lee has, in conjunction with several English railroad engineers, organized a corps of railroad constructors, which has this matter in hand. Large supplies of new railroad iron have been received from abroad, and placed at convenient points, and duplicates of all important bridges are also on hand. With this agency, and these means, the damage which can be done is rendered merely temporary; and it is quite certain that the rebels were able, in a marvellously short space, to put in running order both the Virginia Central and the Lynchburg roads. It can hardly be claimed, therefore, that the enemy's communications are to-day in any respect seriously embarrassed.

☞ "Boys," said a village pedagogue, "who is the cause of all this noise in school to-day?"

"It is Bill Sykes, sir, who is all the time imitating a steam-engine."

"Come up here, William; if you have turned into a locomotive, it is high time you were switched off."

☞ Curran's ruling passion was a joke. In his last illness, his physician observed in the morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he said:—"That is rather surprising, as I have been practicing all night."

Anglicana at the Rose Show.

When one says *the* Rose Show, one means, of course, the annual exhibition at the Crystal Palace. Now roses have from time immemorial been women's favorite flowers, and Ausonius, who is said to have been a Christian and to have known (not on that account, however), a great deal about the matter, declares (though I can't recollect where) that the rose was sacred to Venus. It is not wonderful, then, that golden-haired Pyrrha should have chosen to be wooed by a "slender youth 'midst many a rose," or that Anglicana should like to undergo the same process (or, in default, avenge herself by looking more than usually wooable) under similar circumstances. Anglicana, indeed, has been often herself compared to a rose, both before and since the time when courtly Mr. Waller sung something like (I quote from memory)—

> Go, lovely rose;
> Tell her, who wastes my time and me,
> That now she knows
> How passing fair she seems to be
> When I compare her unto thee;

And it is, therefore, peculiarly appropriate that she should attend the examinations of her floral sisters. The worst of it is that the poor flowers stand so much the less chance of being looked at; for Anglicana, now-a-days, differs considerably from the young lady in Mr. Waller's poem, with respect to whom, if I remember rightly, he addresses the rose in the following terms:

> Small is the worth
> Of beauty from the light retired;
> Bid her come forth
> And not blush to be so admired.

Anglicana does not now-a-days require any bidding to "come forth" (I'm given to understand the difficulty is to keep her at home), and I can't recall a single instance in which (I speak of the company at the Rose Show last Saturday) she "blushed to be admired." My impression was, that she bore tolerably marked admiration not only with equanimity but with a quiet sense of enjoyment, and that her only reason for loitering over a certain rose, which neither gained a prize nor had any quality, so far as I could see, to recommend it above the others, was, that it gave two military-looking men an opportunity of gazing their fill upon her features, and making their fill of comment upon her "glorious hair, by George." My attention was drawn to the scene by hearing one of the military-looking men say to the other, "there, two roses in front." Now, there were some thousands of roses in front, so that I was rather puzzled at the military-looking man's remark, and at the rejoinder of his friend, "ah! yes, I see now—two sisters apparently." I, therefore, followed their gaze, and saw at once what was meant; the "two roses in front" applied to a white bonnet resting on a head all glorious with golden (or gold-dust-besprinkled) hair—or rather to two bonnets resting on two heads, &c.; and a placid smile, a sisterly pressure, an earnest attention to an inferior rose, an animated discussion of its merits as "a darling," and a lingering upon the spot, seemed to me to show that the military-looking men's remarks had been heard and appreciated. The fact is, a Rose Show, just as anything else of the kind, always degenerates, or perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say always amplifies, into a Man and Woman Show. Not that *I* care for a Man Show, but I fancy Anglicana does, for I heard her say to her sister-Anglicana, "oh! isn't he handsome? isn't he a darling?" Now it is true that there was a rose called—contrary to all precedent (for a rose is a queen, and consequently of the feminine gender)—the "Lord Macaulay," and a rose with that name (which, in my humble opinion, detracts from the flower's sweetness) was before Anglicana's eyes as she made the observation just recorded, but until the observation was made her eyes had been wandering towards a dark-haired man with a beard like a succession of skeins of silk, and a brown moustache, mingling with the darker beard, and giving it a very picturesque appearance; so that I don't think I was very far wrong in supposing she alluded to the dark-haired man, for "isn't he handsome?" would be singular language to apply even to a he-rose. Now the best point from which to observe a Man and Woman Show at the Crystal Palace (if you don't care for more than a *coup d'œil*) is that part of the gallery immediately over the "screen," especially when (as was the case last Saturday) there is no division between the "temperate" and the "tropical" departments, and you have the whole sweep of the Palace before you. Then you see the dense mass in a long line, twisting and coiling in and out, and reminding you, with the constant shifting of the black hats and black coats of the men and the white bonnets and white shawls of the women, of a huge boa-constrictor in motion; and as you direct your gaze towards the furthermost extremity, you acknowledge the correctness of the half-cured blind-man's description, that he saw "men like trees walking," for the indistinct heads bobbing hither and thither are like the fluttering of leaves in a gentle breeze. Perhaps, too, a communicative person in your neighborhood informs both you and his particular friends that "there's Mrs. Coulcher—there, don't you see—in a white shawl; she's just wiped her face with her handkercher;" and though you don't know and don't care who the dickens Mrs. Coulcher is, so curious is human nature that you can't help looking in the direction pointed out by the communicative person's forefinger, and fancying you have "spotted" Mrs. Coulcher. It is such mundane incidents which prevent you from concluding that you are in fairyland, from which you feel sure that Mrs. Coulcher and her sort would be excluded. For though no two persons may agree exactly in their ideas of fairyland, or to be able to say with some character in some extravaganza (of which I have forgotten even the name),

> Every land is fairyland
> Where I dance, where I sing;

Yet most persons will allow that a palace of crystal, and a feast of roses, and a play of fountains, and strains of sweet music, and grassy slopes, and branching trees, and muslin-clad Anglicana flitting about, are a very fair imitation of it. Howbeit the sun was not propitious to the playing fountains; plumes there were of silvery spray; but, as Anglicana by an ingenious omission of a letter made it appear, there were "no prismatic Q's;" and the prismatic hues are the principal charm of the fountains. Amongst the prize roses, the Rose of Denmark was an especial favorite, or in other words the rose called "Princess of Wales" received enthusiastic commendation. The "Beauty of Waltham" was also much applauded, and "Lord Macaulay" (notwithstanding the masculinity of the name), was a queenly flower. It occurred to me that the Queen of Sheba would have been puzzled to imitate any one of these three kinds of roses to the life, admirable as was her skill in the artificial-flower-making line. Anglicana, it appeared from a remark she made to me, was not aware of her Sabean Majesty's eminence in that line, and so I was obliged to tell her the story about the Queen of Sheba and Solomon. The story is not to be found in the canonical books, but it may be (I don't say it can) in the Talmud or some work of the kind. It is related thus: You know that the Queen of Sheba went to stay a few days with King Solomon, and that King Solomon plied her so with meat and drink and wisdom that she fainted. However, she determined to be even with him; and said to herself, "he may be a very clever man, and may guess all my riddles; but I think I can puzzle him with my artificial-flower making." So one day when the "king was in his counting-house counting out his money," she knocked at the door, and the king said "who's there?" and she said "it's me—the Queen of Sheba" (for she didn't speak English grammatically); and the king immediately opened the door to her, saying, "I don't mind your coming in; for I was counting the hundred and twenty talents of gold you gave me, as I fancied master Rehoboam had been making free with it. And Abimelech and I were going over it. Abimelech give her majesty a chair." So the Queen of Sheba sat down, and holding out to the king two roses which she held in her hand, and which were as "like as two peas," she said, "one of these roses is natural, the other artificial; and I'll bet your majesty a dozen camels you don't say which is which; mind, you mustn't smell, but hold your nose whilst you examine them; I'll put them in this vase, and you shall examine them, without touching, though, as the dye might come off." "Done with your majesty," said the king; "but there's no hurry; just put them over there by the window, Abimelech. How very warm it is, your majesty!" "It is warm," said she, "but you must expect that in the summer." "Would you like the window open?" asked Solomon. "Very much indeed," answered she, "I didn't observe that it was shut." Now the crafty king had a garden just outside the window (which he had shut down without attracting attention so soon as the queen had explained her business), and he now called to Abimelech to open it. In a few seconds a bee buzzed in, and after trying both the roses, settled upon one and made a good feast. The king smiled triumphantly, the queen turned pale, and softly muttering, "sold again," fell upon the ground in a swoon. She was carried up to her room, and departed the next day to her own country. Anglicana refused to believe the story; but I am sure I have heard it, if I haven't read it. It must not be supposed that the examination-roses inside the Palace were alone worthy of admiration; outside—in and around the rosary—were multitudes of many colors, and if you objected to the scent there was the opportunity of smoking a cigar. Besides, ensconced behind festoons of roses, one had the opportunity of observing pairs, and trios, and parties of all numbers, roving along the sloping paths and into shady nooks amongst the trees. It appeared to me that the pairs, when they consisted of one of each sex, most affected the shady nooks, and one such pair went through a singular performance which had a very odd effect to a distant spectator as I was. Whether I ought to speak of the matter "under the rose" or not I am in doubt; for I can't say certainly what took place. All I can say is, that Anglicanus and Anglicana after arriving at a secluded spot, and after looking cautiously (as it seemed to me) around, stopped, and "unlinked" (for Anglicana had been leaning on Anglicanus' arm); Anglicana then (I speak as things appeared to a distant observer) lifted her veil with both hands; a hat and a bonnet were, for a short time, in close proximity; and then the owners of hat and bonnet walked on as before. Thrice I saw this strange phenomenon from my vantage-ground, and then the performers in the scene moved slowly in my direction, and by the time they reached me, wore countenances expressive of complete unconsciousness. The only satisfactory (to myself) explanation I could think of was that Anglicana had "got something in her eye" (just as you know was the case with the Widow Wadman), and that Anglicanus was looking for it with a view to "taking it out." That sort of thing, though, is, I believe, generally done with a handkerchief; and I didn't see any handkerchief; one may have been used, of course, but all I say is that I didn't see it. If anybody else has any better explanation to offer, let us have it.

R. B.

LONGEST AND SHORTEST.

The sweet west wind is flying
  Over the purple sea,
And the amber daylight dying
  On roadway, hill and tree;
The cattle-bells are ringing
  Among the slanting downs,
And children's voices flinging
  Glad echoes through the towns.
"O summer day! so soon away!"
  The happy-hearted sigh and say—
"Sweet is thy light, and sad thy flight,
  And sad the words, Good night! good night!"

The wan white clouds are trailing
  Low o'er the level plain;
And the wind brings with its wailing,
  The chill of the coming rain.
Fringed by the faded heather,
  Wide pools of water lie;
And birds and leaves together
  Whirl thro' the evening sky.
"Haste thee away, O winter day!"
  The weary-hearted weep and say—
"Sad is thy light, and slow the flight,
  Sweet were the words, Good night! good night!"

Honey-Making.—The high price of sugar will be apt to draw attention to bees as industrious manufacturers of sweets. As a hint toward choosing the best kinds for keeping, we clip the following:

Acclimatization of Honey Bees.—Dr. A. Gertsacker, in concluding a very extensive memoir on the distribution of the honey bee, observes that the most valuable form for Europe would be the Egyptian, partly on account of their beauty, and partly because of their unwillingness to use their stings, which appears to be common to all African bees, and is also one of the recommendations of the Italian bee. The Syrian bee agrees so closely with the Egyptian that it may prove equally valuable; and next to these in value are the bees of the coasts of Asia Minor.

☞ We should always rest satisfied with doing well, and let others talk of us as they please; for they can do us no injury, although they may think they have found a flaw in our proceedings, and are determined to rise on our downfall, or profit by our injury.

PET PARSONS.

BY MR. SURLY HARDBAKE.

It has been my expressed opinion that in the race for female popularity the red-coat is absolutely "nowhere" when matched against the white neckcloth and the cassock-vest. Or, in plainer English, that "the girls" like the parsons better than the soldiers any day. I cannot altogether discover the reason of this. It used to be held that a bold dragoon was unequalled in the art of vanquishing the feminine heart. His whiskers struck despair in the bosoms of hapless civilians when he crossed the path of their loves. His spurs and his clanking sabre made deep bruises in the hearts of the men who were so unhappy as to have no uniform to sport, and to whom the usages of society forbade the luxury of moustaches. When a girl ran away, or threw over the young fellow of her father and mother's choice, it was pretty safe betting that an officer was at the bottom of it. The fashionable novels, endeavoring in their feeble way "to hold the mirror up to" society, swarmed with soldiers. Their hotpressed pages exhibited a perfect scarlet fever, and broke out in a sort of military rash. The soldier, with a pair of trembling epaulettes, was the model man of our parents' youth. Boarding-school misses were wont to be thrown into a mighty flutter when a regiment with its gallant band of good-looking officers entered their quiet country town. "Nous avons change tout cela," and the soldier is no match for the sharp-shooter in priest's or deacon's orders. Whether it is that uniforms of some sort or other are become as plentiful as blackberries, and a swell volunteer captain who attends to his moustaches is scarcely to be distinguished from the real article—whether it is that beards are the rule and not the exception in society, and that even barristers have adopted them—whether it is that genteel poverty in a parsonage and housekeeping on a hymn-book and a red herring, is considered more eligible than a life with a man who lives at his club and breathes a perpetual odor of cigars—is not for me to say. I leave it to other and more accomplished minds to unravel the mystery. All I have to do is to state it as my profound conviction that soldiers are "gone out" and that parsons are come in. I dare say that soldiers will come in again one day. We are about to go to war—with Germany, some people say, though Palmerston says not—with some country or other, I have small doubt. Let us do so, and just kill off a few of the Officers, and it will be a fine thing for the survivors. Many feminine hearts will be influenced by the florid letters of the *Times* correspondent. Many civilians will owe their doom of dismissal to the despatches of a general. The Parson then may preach, and simper, and ogle, and light his candles and his smiles, and swing his *censers* in vain. His tender voice will be unheard in the din of battle, and his sweet smile lost in the halo which will envelope the British soldier. But at present, in this piping time of peace, the parson is all the rage. Girls retire to rest, and beautiful visions of rose-covered parsonages fill their dreams. They anxiously lie in wait for *soirees* and missionary meetings, or they get up their rubrics, their fast days and feast days in private, in order to converse with the white neck-clothed Idol. And as the young parson is, so are the ladies of his parish. If he belongs to the Low church school, you shall discover a puritanic tone permeating the whole circle of marriageable ladydom in his vicinity. There will be tract meetings and missionary gatherings and tea-drinkings, and strictly proper "muffin-struggles" of every sort. Blankets will be collected for the Hottentots and parasols for the savages of "Borrioboula-Gah." Pretty girls will become district visitors and Sunday-school teachers, and ladies, who ought to know better, will "go in for the pious" to catch the parson. If, on the other hand, the young parish priest is a high churchman, then the pretty dears rush frantically into embroidered "frontals" and "super frontals," kneeling cushions for the "fald stool," kettle holders of mediæval design, choir banners, and fire screens like altar cloths. They practice Gregorians upon their pianos night and morning; and their talk—at any rate in the presence of their beloved parsons—is of the Rubric, rubrical.

Of course there are many species of the genus Pet Parson, and I imagine Mr. Buckland might be better able than myself to distinguish and define them. I humbly submit that, except in a culinary point of view, he would find them much more interesting than an oyster, and even as amusing as salmon ova. One of these species is that most objectionable one, the "funny" parson. Fun being so utterly inconsistent with the cloth, the first feeling excited by one of these reverend buffoons is a feeling of intense loathing. Their jokes are nauseous, their laughter profanity; to see a parson on the broad grin inspires one with the profoundest contempt of which the human heart is capable.

The funny parson is usually a young man just in orders—too young in orders, indeed, to be orderly. A smooth chubby-cheeked fellow, with "a shining morning face" and a plentiful head of hair. He is a great favorite with young ladies who take a delight in his being "so *unlike* a parson," as they phrase it, and who lie in wait for his doing something absolutely uncanonical and improper. He is a great man at a pic-nic—can sing a comic song if needed, and when quite away from his "potent, grave, and *reverend* seniors." He can imitate the noises of animals to great perfection, smokes furtive pipes at night, despises his white tie, and, when he is able, obscures it under a lay neckerchief. He indulges in a wide-awake hat, and reads novels when he should devote himself to the Fathers. Indeed, as my friend Jones says, he doesn't care much for the "Papas" or the Fathers either, his chief care is the daughters. And certainly he is a very amusing man for a select tea-party of ladies who are pretty enough to interest, and not old enough to check his unclerical mirth. He is a very sharp fellow in his way, is an exceedingly agreeable man for a companion in a walking tour, has one or two smart and not very decent college stories, over which he chuckles with an enjoyable sense of their impropriety. He is a loud talker, a loud laugher, a despiser of church authority and Convocations, a contemner of bishops, a sneerer at rubrics and saints' days—altogether, a man out of his element, one who possibly might have struggled into notice at the Bar, but to whose peculiar abilities the Church is a wet blanket, which he is constantly making efforts to throw away. Of course he usually belongs to the Low or the Broad church party. He is too lazy to sympathize with hard work and parish visiting, except it be the visiting of the pic-nicing portion of his flock, where there are champagne corks to be drawn and jokes to be perpetrated. He quotes Sydney Smith, and delights in nothing so much as to be thought to resemble that reverend jester. If he is good-looking it is ten to one that he will marry a pretty girl with money, right under the nose of some despairing captain or other; obtain his rectory in middle life, and subside into a jesting old age of port and walnuts. He is one of those men who have made our church as ridiculous as she is capable of becoming in the eyes of romanists and dissenters. How different from the old rector in the next parish, a parson of the old school—a "Pet" with many, beloved, indeed, by most, a man whose white hair seems almost a visible prayer about his fine old head as he meets you with his benign handsome face on summer mornings. He is the parson of the old school—low church or high church, no matter—a thorough scholar, a perfect gentleman, a true man. I can't imagine the good old rector of Glebe-end crowing like a cock or mewing like a cat to amuse a set of girls in his youth. He has a certain air about him which makes you feel that the church is his sphere, his home, his natural dwelling-place. You can fancy the funny parson anything rather than what he is; you cannot imagine the rector, his neighbor, anything but what he is. Not only do the old maids at the Abbey adore him; not only do the young ladies at the Grange love him; but he is also beloved by old women in worn stuff gowns, and old men in smock frocks, who have lived under his care for years, and know something of his kind old heart and his open hand. "He is as good as he looks," they will tell you if you inquire from them the character of their rector. I wonder what the parishioners of the funny parson will have to say about him when he is as old as the rector? Those who know his port and walnuts will esteem him as a good fellow doubtless, and his jokes will be easy enough to swallow, washed down by the beverage of the comet year, but I fancy a Priest of the Church of England should live for more than champagne corks and furtive polkas in youth, and jokes and walnuts in age! They are both pets in their way, and as all things in this "universal" time have their admirers, they need never be without a ring of staunch partizans and friends. The friends of the "funny parson" say he has no "cant" about him, no nonsense, does not care for musty old Canons, and Fathers, and Councils, and fast days, and so on. The upholders of the Rector of Glebe-end point to his blameless life and his active charity, his benevolent face and his sparkling nimbus of gray hairs, and say "that's my sort of parson."

J. J. B.

English Ignorance of American Affairs.

President Fairfield, of Hillsdale College, Michigan, writes from London to the Detroit Advertiser, concerning the feeling of the English people towards the United States. He says:

"I am sorry to say it, but after a month spent in Great Britain, and eight months in travel generally, in which I have constantly been brought into contact and friendly personal relations with Englishmen, I am compelled to believe that envy of our national success, and hostility to our national growth, is the controlling feeling of the English people; and certainly I can count upon the fingers of one hand all that I have found in nine months who were in cordial sympathy with us in suppressing a pro-slavery rebellion which seeks to establish an empire of which slavery shall be the corner-stone. You will understand that I have made it no part of my business particularly to seek out our friends, but speak of those whom I have chanced to meet in hotels, cars, and elsewhere, which I think much the fairest way of ascertaining the general feeling. One who addresses public audiences on the American side of the question, will naturally gather about him those of his own opinions, and will be likely very much to misjudge as to the attitude of the great mass. And the general ignorance of the people, not only of the questions at issue between the North and the South, but even of the simplest facts of American geography, is most amusing. 'Is Maine one of the Northern or one of the Southern States?' asked a talkative Englishman the other day, when allusion was made to this boundary State between our country and the British possessions in North America. 'Ohio, I believe, is one of the largest cities of New York, is it not?' was the sagacious inquiry of another. I cannot tell you how many times I have been asked, when saying that I came from Michigan, 'Is that in North America or South America?' Certainly more than twenty.

"Several Englishmen were speaking with each other a few days ago, and one of them, in expressing his large conception of what progress had been made in the States, asserted: 'I suppose that railroads are now built as far as six hundred miles into the interior!'

"Several Americans and Englishmen met at table a few weeks ago. The American war was the subject, when one of the latter, a member of Parliament, said to the Americans: 'I am surprised that you should object to a separation from the South. You were never made to be one. Only see! a mere neck of land of insignificant dimensions connecting the two!' And he drew his fingers into shape to indicate the isthmus which connects North and South America. And what is still richer, I have related this story to several parties of Englishmen, and not one of them has as yet detected the joke!

"Roger Ascham said, a long time ago, 'The schoolmaster is abroad.' If so, he has either emigrated from England, or he is sadly deficient in American geography. I verily believe that if the statement should be made in the *Times* that this was a war between North America and South America, not one in ten of those who read that newspaper would detect the mistake; and if it were so declared to a mass meeting, embracing high and low, those who read and those who do not read, not over one in twenty would know otherwise."

☞ French Statistics.—M. About says that in 1851 the number of landlords in France was not less than 7,846,000, or nearly one-fourth of the population. The land was divided into no less than 126 millions of small fields! Out of the 7,846,000 owners, nearly one half were considered as paupers, and as such exempted from taxation; 600,000 paid taxes averaging not more than one sou (one halfpenny) per head. Since 1851, the division of property must have made fresh progress.

☞ A lieutenant colonel in one of the Illinois regiments tells a story of Gen. ——, who had command of an army corps during the siege of Vicksburg. "Yes, yes," said the general, "this seems to be a queer army; when not engaged in hostilities they were engaged in *horse-stealities*."

LATEST NEWS.

General Sherman has done much fighting since crossing the Chattahoochee, and lost General McPherson. Sherman appears to hold a part of Atlanta, and to be working actively against the rest. All communication with Atlanta, excepting from Macon, was closed at the last advices, and that was threatened. General Hooker thoroughly whipped the rebels on Wednesday in the open field, and forty-four hundred were killed and wounded.

Details of the battle of Tupelo prove that Gen. Smith out-manœuvred the rebels thoroughly, and whipped them in five several but united conflicts from the 13th to the 17th inst. On the night of the 18th they attempted a surprise and were repulsed. Gen. Forrest led three charges on the 15th, and each was repulsed.

Buford's cavalry division was defeated on the 16th. From the 15th to the 19th, our troops were without supplies, and subsisted on the rebels. On the 20th the expedition reached Lagrange with a loss of five hundred men. The rebels lost 2,400 men, including five Generals and 2,000 prisoners.

A lieutenant, who has deserted from Forrest's command, reports that General S. D. Lee succeeds General Polk. He confirms the report of the wounding of Forrest at Tupelo, and states that the rebels lost fifteen hundred in the fight with Sturgis at Guntown.

Dispatches from the Army of the Potomac state that no important movements have been made within the past few days. Lively skirmishing has been going on in front of Burnside. Gen. Birney has been assigned to the command of the Tenth Corps.

The rebel Gen. Johnston has been superseded by Gen. Hood.

A Substitute for Brandy in Cases of Exhaustion.—In the "Transactions of the Obstetrical Society," London, Dr. Druitt recommends for this purpose lean beef, chopped up, inclosed in a jar and subjected for an hour or more to heat, when it will separate into three portions, fat, fibre and liquid essence. Strain off the last and separate the fat by means of blotting-paper, when a clear amber liquid is obtained of an intensely aromatic smell and flavor, very stimulating to the brain. Different samples of meat yield different quantities of it, and it contains a variable proportion of gelatinous matter. It yields on evaporation about one-sixteenth of solid residue which soon effervesces on exposure to the air from the saline matters contained. This is not intended as a substitute for common beef-tea, but it is recommended as an auxiliary to and partial substitute for brandy in all cases of great exhaustion or weakness, attended with cerebral depression. It is free from bulk and exerts a rapid stimulating power over the brain. In the sequelæ of severe and exhausting labor it is invaluable.

To Prevent Sickness in the Army.—This short article may save the lives of a thousand men. The valley of the James is a malarious region. North of the tropics the three months in which malaria is contracted are August, September, and October. Of all the facts in the science of medicine the one best established is that Peruvian bark is a preventive of malarious disease. Three years ago the surgeons of some of the regiments in the Army of the Potomac administered Peruvian bark, or its extract, quinine, to all of the soldiers in their regiments every day during the three sickly months, and the published statistics showed a remarkable exemption from disease in those regiments. Let every person who has a friend in the army send him a dollar's worth of quinine, with instructions to put as much as will lie on the point of a pen-knife in his coffee every morning, and the probability is that he will escape chronic diarrhœa, ferer and ague, and billous fever.

A Terrific Swarm of Locusts.—The Moniteur Algerian publishes the following letter from Dalmaria, in Algeria, containing an account of an invasion of locusts by which certain districts of the colony are now infested.

In this village the crop-devouring plague fell on us for ten consecutive days. During the two first the insects did little harm, but on the third they arrived in such large quantities that all the fields were literally covered with them. The pairing took place the moment the insects alighted, which they did in such swarms that in certain places they lay to a thickness of five inches. Every means employed to drive them away proved without avail. The crops of cotton, potatoes and maize were all destroyed.

☞ Beef Steaks.—Beef steaks are said to have been invented by Lucius Plaucus, a Roman, condemned by Trajan, for some offence, to act as one of the menial sacrificers to Jupiter. The fragments of the victim being laid upon the fire, the unfortunate senator was compelled to turn them. In the process one of the slices slipped off the coals, and was caught by Plaucus in its fall. It burned his fingers, and he instinctively put them into his mouth; in that moment he made the grand discovery that the taste of a slice thus carbonated was infinitely beyond all the old, sodden cookery of Rome. Turning the whole ceremony into a matter of appetite, he swallowed every slice—deluded Trajan, defrauded Jupiter, and invented beef steaks.—*Excerpt.*

☞ The pavement of London is one of the greatest marvels of our time. It covers 8,000 acres, two-thirds whereof consists of what may be called mosaic work done in plain style, and the other third of smooth flagging. Such a series of works far transcends in quantity the Appian Way, which was the wonder of an ancient Rome, and which would cut but a poor figure contrasted with one of our commonest streets. The ancient Consular Way was but fifteen feet wide in the main, and was filled with blocks of all shapes and sizes, jointed together and planed only on the surface; the length of its devious course, from north to south of Italy, was under 800 miles. The paved streets of London number over 5,000, and exceed 2,000 miles in length.

☞ Here is the last specimen brick in the line of "confidence games." A woman in Cincinnati, having an earthen vessel in her apron, entered a grocery store and bought a pound of coffee. Removing the lid, she dropped the coffee in said vessel, replaced the lid, and was about to pay for it, when she discovered she had forgotten her money. Not to have her honesty suspected, she said she would leave her purchase till she went home and got her money, and accordingly set her crockery on the counter, where it remained until the grocer thought something must be wrong, and on removing the lid he found there was no bottom to the vessel, and of course the woman had gone off with the coffee in her apron.

BLIND—BY THE FIRESIDE.

Winnie, I am all alone, dear love,
So lonely, sweet, without you;
I live so on every tone, dear love,
Of your voice, so kind and true.

So true and tender, my bride, my wife,
That I am content to know
Thy little white hand must guide, dear wife,
Withersoever I go.

And the long past years of light, dear heart,
Before thou didst pass that way,
Seem like the shadowy night, dear heart,
And this like the perfect day.

Dost thou remember the time, sweetheart,
One vapory April night,
As we heard 'th evening chime, sweetheart,
And sat in the fading light?

When they first said I was blind, sweetheart;
Blind till the day I should die.
I trembled—thou wast so kind, sweetheart,
I felt thy warm breath so nigh.

I had ne'er dared hoped before, my queen,
That thou would'st bestow upon me
The hand I had oft sighed o'er, my queen,
The mischievous hand, so free.

I felt it steal into mine, my pet,
So tremulous, soft, and cold,
That I dared ask it for mine, my pet,
For mine evermore to hold.

Then, like a murmuring dove, my heart,
Thy lips whispered close to mine,
"Thou hast been my one love, my heart,
Take me, and keep me for thine."

I had not wept to be blind, my love,
But for joy I wept,—I wept,
To find thee so tenderly kind, my love—
Thy little hand softly crept

O'er the eyes whose sight was past, my dove,
And a hard low sob I heard,
And vowed it should be the last, my dove,
And have I not kept my word?

Thy art not sad in thy choice, my bird,
Thou'rt happy the livelong day;
I know each note of thy voice, my bird,
I know it is always gay.

My blessing through life till death, sweet wife,
The star of my life to me,
I'll bless thee with my last breath, sweet wife,
For what thou hast been to me. SADIE.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyatt," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART XXXIII.

HOPE DEFERRED.

The beautiful summer weather had come, and the June sun was hot upon the streets. In fact, June had come in with that intense heat that we get most years only in July and August.

Sara Davenal stood at her chamber window looking out upon the dusty road. Not in reality seeing it; the trouble and perplexity at her heart had not lessened, and she had fallen into that habit of gazing outwards when in deep thought, seeing nothing. The same habit had characterized Dr. Davenal; but at his daughter's age *he* had never known any weight of care; for years and years his path had been a smooth one, little else than sunshine. She gazed outwards on the dusty road, on the white pavement, glistening again with its heat, seeing them not. A looker-on would have said she was an idle girl, standing there to take note of her neighbor's and the street's doings; of the trades-people calling at the opposite houses, of the servant girls flirting with them as they gave their orders; of the water-cart splashing past the corner along the public highway, but neglecting this quiet nook; of everything in short there was to see and be seen. How mistaken that looker-on was, he could never know. Poor Sara Davenal might have been the sole living object on a broad desert plain, for all she saw of the moving panorama around her.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick!" when that proverb of the wise King of Israel comes practically home to our hearts in all its stern reality, we have learnt one of the many bitter lessons of life. Perhaps few have realized it more intensely than Sara Davenal had latterly been obliged to realise it. From March to April, from April to May, from May to June, week by week, and morning by morning, she had been waiting for something that never came.

A very short while to wait for anything, some of you may be thinking, not much more than two months at the most, for it was only the beginning of the blooming summer month, and they had come to London late in March. But—I believe I said the same a paper or two ago—a space of time is long or short according as we estimate it. Two months' space may pass lightly over us as a fleeting summer's day; or it may drag its slow length along, every minute of it marking its flight upon our sick and weary hearts, enough of agony crowded into it to serve for a life-time.

They had come up in March, Sara and Miss Bettina; and the things at Hallingham were to be sold within a few days of their departure; and in a few days after that, Sara had expected the money would be paid over to her. In her inexperience, she did not sufficiently allow for delays; but had she been ever so experienced, she would not have supposed the delay would extend itself to this. It is not of much moment to inquire into the precise cause of this delay; it is sufficient to know that it did occur; and it gave as yet no signs that it would be speedily ended.

Sara had expected the money quite early in April. It did not come. "It will be up next week," she said to herself. But the next week came and did not bring it, and she wrote to Mr. Wheatley. He hoped to realize in a day or two, was his somewhat incautious answer; but in truth he himself, not a man of business, anticipated no vexatious delay. It was an unfortunate answer for Sara, for from that date she began to look for the money daily; and you have not yet to learn what impatience this daily waiting and expecting works in the human heart. When one morning's post passed over and did not bring it or news of it, Sara counted on it for the morrow. And the morrows came and went, on and on; and Sara wrote and wrote, until she grew sick with the procrastination and the disappointment. She had waited for this money so anxiously; it had become with her a feverish longing; something like that strange disease, *mal du pays*, as it is called, which attacks the poor Swiss, exiled from their native land. Not for the sake of the money in itself, was she so troubled—you know that; but from the fear of what evil the delay might bring. In reply to the letter she had forwarded to Mr. Alfred King on the death of Dr. Davenal, that unknown gentleman, wherever he might be, had replied in a short note and a very illegible hand-writing composed of flourishes, that he was sorry to hear of the doctor's death, but *counted* on the fulfillment of the obligations without vexatious delay. This was addressed to Miss Sara Davenal, and reached her safely at Hallingham.

Poor Sara in her inexperience, in her dread of what this man might have in his power, touching her brother, feared he might deem only two or three weeks a "vexatious delay;" and when the two or three weeks went on, and two or three weeks to those, and two or three weeks again, bringing no sign, then it was that the dread within her grew into a living agony. Who Mr. Alfred King might be, she knew not. On that night when she had been called down to Dr. Davenal's study and found her brother there, she had gathered from some words dropped by the doctor, in his very imperfect explanation to her, that some one else had been almost equally culpable with her brother; but who this other was, whether gentleman or swindler, whether male or female, she had no means of knowing. She did not suppose it to be Mr. Alfred King; she rather surmised that whoever it was must have gone away, as Edward had. Now and then she would wonder whether this Mr. Alfred King could be connected with the police; but that was hardly likely. Altogether, her ideas of Mr. Alfred King were extremely vague; still she could not help dreading the man, and never thought of him without a shiver.

She did not know what to do. Whether to remain passive, or to write to him and explain that the money was coming, and apologise for the temporary delay. She felt an aversion to do this; and she could not tell whether it might do harm or good. And so she did nothing; and the time had gone on, as you have heard, to June.

Sara stood at the window gazing into space, when her attention was awakened to outward things by seeing the postman turn into the street with a fleet step. Could it be the *morning* postman? Yes it must be, for the second delivery did not take place until eleven, and it was now half-past nine. Something had rendered him later than usual.

She threw up the window listlessly. So many, many mornings had she watched for the post to bring this news from Hallingham, and it had only brought disappointment, that the reaction had come, and she now *looked* only for disappointment. You will understand this. The postman was dodging from one side of the road to the other with that unnecessary waste of time and walking (as it seems to the uninitiated) which must help to make postmen's legs so weary. He was at the opposite house now, superseding the butcher-boy in the good graces of the maid-servant, with whom he stayed a rather unnecessary while to talk; and now he came striding over. Sara leaned her head further out and saw him make for their gate.

And her pulses suddenly quickened. Even from that height she could discern—or fancied she could discern—that the letter was from Mr. Wheatley. That gentleman always used large blue envelopes, and it was certainly one such that the man had singled out from his bundle of letters. Had it come at last? Had the joyful news of the money come?

She closed the window, and ran swiftly down the stairs, and met Neal turning from the door with the letter. That gentleman was probably not at all obliged to her for demanding the letter from him so summarily. But he had no resource but to give it up.

It was from Mr. Wheatley, and Sara carried it to her room, a bright flush of hope on her cheeks, an eager trembling on her happy fingers. Mr. Wheatley did not like letter writing, and she knew quite well that he would not have sent to her uselessly. Opening the envelope, she found it a blank; a blank entirely: nothing even written inside it: it had but enclosed a letter for herself, which had apparently been sent to Hallingham. Oh the bitter, bitter disappointment! there was not a line, there was not a word from Mr. Wheatley!

A conviction arose that she had seen the other handwriting before: it seemed to be made up of flourishes. Whose was it? Suddenly the truth flashed over her—Mr. Alfred King's! Her heart stood still in its fear, and seemed as if it would never go on again. The contents ran as follows:

"Essex Street, June 1st.

"MADAM,

"I am sorry to have to give you notice that unless the money owing to me, and which I have been vainly expecting these several weeks, is immediately paid, I shall be under the necessity of taking public steps in the matter: and they might not prove agreeable to Captain Davenal.

"I am, Madam,
"Your obedient servant,
"ALFRED KING.

"Miss Sara Davenal."

So the first faint cloud of the haunting shadow of the past weeks had come! Sara sat with the letter in her hand. She asked herself what was to be done?—and she wished now, in a fit of vain repentance, that she had written long ago to Mr. Alfred King, as it had been in her mind to do.

She must write now. She must write a note of regret and apology, telling him the exact truth—that the sale of the different effects at Hallingham and the realization of the proceeds had taken more time than was anticipated, but that she expected the money daily—and beg of him to wait. In her feverish impatience every moment that elapsed until this explanation should be delivered to Mr. Alfred King seemed fraught with danger, and she hastened to the room below, the drawing-room.

Her desk was there. It was generally kept in her own chamber, but she had had it down the previous evening. Neal was quitting the room as she entered: he had been putting it in order for the day. Sara did not fear interruption from her aunt, for Miss Davenal remained in the parlor below, for an hour or two after breakfast; and she sat down to write.

The letter—Mr. Alfred King's letter—was spread open before her, and she sat pen in hand, deliberating how she should answer it for the best, when her aunt's voice startled her. It sounded on the stairs. Was she coming up? Sara hastily placed the open letter in the desk, closed and locked it, and opened the drawing-room door. But in her flurry she left the key in the desk.

Miss Davenal was standing on the mat at the foot of the stairs. "Can't you hear me call?" she asked.

"I did hear, aunt. What is it?"

"Then you ought to have heard!" was the retort of Miss Davenal, at cross purposes as usual. "You are not turning deaf, I suppose?"

"What is it, aunt?" repeated Sara, going halfway down the stairs.

Instead of answering, Miss Davenal turned and went into the breakfast-room again. Sara could only follow her. Her aunt's manners had never relaxed to her from the sternness assumed at the time of Dr. Davenal's death: cold and severe she had remained to her; but she looked unusually cold and severe now.

"Shut the door," said Miss Davenal.

Sara hesitated for a moment, more in mind than action, and then she obeyed. She had left her desk, and wanted to get back to it.

"Hold this," said Miss Davenal.

She had taken her seat in her own chair, and was cutting out some article of linen clothing that looked as long as the room. Her income was a very moderate one now, and she did a good deal of sewing instead of putting it out. Sara took the stuff in her hand, and held it while her aunt cut: an interminable proceeding to an impatient helpmate, for Miss Davenal cut only about an inch at a time, and then drew a short thread and cut again.

"Won't it tear?" asked Sara.

"It *will* wear. Did you ever know me buy linen that wouldn't wear? I have too good an eye for linen to buy what won't wear."

"I asked, aunt, if it would not tear."

"Tear!" repeated Miss Davenal, offended at the word, at the ignorance it betrayed. "No, it will not tear; and I should think there's hardly a parish schoolchild in the kingdom but would know that, without asking."

Sara, rebuked, held her part in silence. Presently Miss Davenal lifted her eyes and looked her full in the face.

"Who was that letter from this morning?"

Had it been to save Sara's life she could not have helped the change that came over her countenance. Miss Davenal's quick penetration took in everything: the dismayed look, the hesitating answer.

"It was a private letter to me, aunt."

"A what?" snapped Miss Davenal.

Sara let fall the work, and stood fearlessly before Miss Davenal. The most gentle spirit can be aroused at times. "The letter was from a gentleman, aunt. It was a private letter to myself. Surely I am not so much of a child that I may not be trusted to receive one!"

Miss Davenal flung away Sara's hand in her anger. The words had borne to her ear but one interpretation. "A pri-vate let-ter—a gentleman!" she slowly uttered in her dismay. "I might have believed this of Caroline had she been single, but never of you. A sweetheart in secret! And your father not yet four months in his grave!"

The bare mention of the word, unconnected with Oswald Cray, the idea altogether as thus put, was repulsive to Sara Davenal. She stood quite still for a moment, while the faint flush, called up, died away on her cheeks, and then she bent close to her aunt's ear, her low voice unmistakeably clear and distinct.

"Aunt Bettina, you knew there was some unhappy business that papa was obliged to meet—and bear—just before he died. The letter I have received this morning bears reference to it. It is from a Mr. King, but I don't know him. I should be thankful if you would not force me to these explanations: they are very painful."

Miss Bettina picked up the work, and drew at a thread until it broke. "Who is Mr. King?" she asked.

"I do not indeed know. He had to write to me just a word about the business, and I must answer him. In telling you this much, Aunt Bettina, I have told you all I can tell. Pray, for papa's sake, do not ask me further."

Miss Bettina was a little vexed with herself. She was one of those good people who believe they can never be in the wrong; but now that the heat of her anger was over, she was feeling that the allusion to the "sweetheart" had been somewhat unladylike. Sara's passing it over in silence was a tacit reproof.

"Is he a young man, this Mr. King?"

"I never saw him in my life," replied Sara. "I do not know anything of him whatever; who he is, or what he is. Do you wish me to hold this for you again?"

"Well, this is a pretty state of things for the enlightened nineteenth century!" grunted Miss Bettina. "We have read of conspiracies and Rye House plots, and all the rest of it; *this* seems a plot, I think! Have you nothing more to say?"

"No, aunt," was the firm, low answer.

"Then you may go," said Miss Bettina, twitching the work out of Sara's hand. "I can do this myself."

And Sara knew that no amount of entreaty would induce her aunt to admit of help in her cutting, after that. Glad to be released, but sick at heart, she went up-stairs, and met Neal coming out of the drawing-room.

"I thought you had finished the room, Neal," she said, a sudden fear stealing over her as she remembered that her desk was left with the key in it.

"So I had, Miss. I came up now for this vase. My mistress said it was to be washed."

He went down stairs carrying it: a valuable vase of Sevres porcelain, never intrusted to the hands of anybody but Neal. It had belonged to poor Richard—was presented to him just before he went out on his unfortunate voyage. Sara walked to her desk; it stood on the centre table. What with vases and other ornaments and superfluous articles of furniture, the room was somewhat inconveniently full. It was a good sized room, too; nearly square, the windows facing you as you entered it, and the fire-place on the right. Opposite the fire-place was a beautiful inlaid cabinet with a plate-glass back; it had never cost less than forty pounds: but Miss Bettina had not spared money when she bought her furniture years ago. Look at the girondoles on the walls!—at the costly carpet, soft as velvet! Opposite the window stood Sara's piano, a fine instrument, the gift of her loving father on her eighteenth birth-day. Altogether, the room was an elegant one, but Miss Bettina could not have reconciled herself to any other. The parlor below was a nice room, also, with its handsome side-board and its glittering mirrors: but it was smaller than the drawing-room.

Sara stood for a moment before her desk: it *looked* exactly as she had left it. She turned the key and raised the lid, and saw that had anybody else done the same, Mr. Alfred King's letter was lying face upwards, and might have been read without the slightest trouble in an instant of time. Had Neal seen the letter? Would he be likely to do such a thing as rise her desk surreptitiously. Many a servant would be in a room with an unlocked desk times and again, and never attempt to peer inside it. Was it probable that Neal had any propensity for prying into affairs that did not concern him? It all lay in that.

Vexed with herself for having allowed the chance to any one, Sara carried her desk to her chamber, and sat down and wrote her note there. But she could not get the fear quite so readily out of her head: it was most inexpedient that Neal, or any one else, should see that letter of Mr. Alfred King's. Suddenly there occurred to her mind something her brother Edward had once told her—about a doubt of Dr. Davenal's—as to whether Neal had not opened a note of Lady Oswald's. It was on the occasion, she well remembered, of Edward's coming down to Caroline's wedding. Sara had scarcely thought of it from that time to this, but she strove to recall the circumstances now. Edward, she remembered, had *not* joined in the doubt; he said he was sure Neal was not guilty. Sara had asked her father subsequently, and his answer was a somewhat careless one: "I don't know, my dear; perhaps I was mistaken." And from that hour the affair had faded from her remembrance.

But, the idea, admitted now, Sara could not put it away from her. Was it one of those unaccountable impressions, deserving the name of instinct, that caused it to cling to her? Nothing surely had occurred to justify the doubt. She had but met Neal coming out of the room with the vase: and it lay in Neal's duty to go in for the vase as his mistress had ordered him. But it would not leave her. Suddenly she thought of the doctor's desk. If *that* had been opened! In an impulse of fear she put the key into the lock.

It would not turn. Something was the matter with the lock. Had it been tampered with? Sara's face grew hot.

Turning and twisting and pulling, but all gently, she worked the key about in the lock. No, it would not open it. In the previous summer's holidays, a certain cupboard in Watton's room down-stairs declined to be opened in just the same way, and when inquiries came to be made, Master Dick Davenal boldly avowed that, wanting some jam one day, he had opened it with another cupboard key, and so had spoiled the lock. Had this lock been put out of order in the same way? The proper key to it was always about herself.

She could not speak to Neal, in spite of this doubt of him which had so strangely come to her. To speak would be to accuse him. She went out to post the letter, and on her return found a locksmith and brought him in with her. He speedily opened the desk and put the look to rights. "It was only a ward bent," he said. Sara inquired whether he thought it had been done through a strange key being put into the lock, but she did not get much satisfaction. "*Like* enough it might," he said; but "sometimes them wards get out of order with their own key."

"It seems quite a common lock," remarked Sara, as she paid him.

"Laws, yes! A'most any key might open that."

Nothing could exceed Miss Davenal's astonishment when, happening to open the parlor door, she found herself face to face with a strange man who was descending the stairs; a black and grimy man, who appeared to own no hat, and wore a leather apron. Her first thought was that he had come into the house for no good, and in the moment's impulse she called loudly for Neal in an accent of alarm. Up sprang Neal from the kitchen; up came Dorcas after him, both wondering what was the matter.

"What does this man do in the house?" cried Miss Davenal. "How did you come into it?" she demanded of the culprit himself.

"Aunt, aunt, it is all right," said Sara, running down. "I brought him in with me."

She moved close to her aunt to explain; and the man, touching his hair, went out. "Something was the matter with the lock of papa's desk, Aunt Bettina. I brought the man in to see what it was, and to open it."

"What was the matter with the desk?" questioned Miss Bettina.

"I don't know. It would not open: such a thing has never happened to it before. Do you remember last midsummer holidays Dick spoiled Watton's cupboard through undoing it with a false key? The man says it may have been the same case here."

And Neal, who was standing immediately opposite his young mistress, and met her eye as she spoke, heard the words with unruffled composure; not so much as a shade of change disturbing the equanimity of his impassive countenance.

A latter outside the street door, and a footman's knock, interrupted them. Neal turned to open it. A fine equipage had dashed up, with its blood horses, and its grand coachman on a hammer-cloth. Mrs. Cray had arrived to make an early morning call.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.—In the Museum of Berlin, in the hall devoted to northern antiquities, they have the representations of the idols from whom the names of our days of the week are derived. From the idol of Sun comes Sunday. This idol is represented with his face like the sun, holding a burning wheel with both hands on his breast, signifying his course around the world. The idol of the Moon, from which cometh Monday, is habited in a short coat, like a man, but holding a moon in his hand. Tuisco, from which comes Tuesday, was one of the most ancient and peculiar gods of the Germans, and is represented in his garment of skin, according to the peculiar manner of clothing. The third day of the week was dedicated to his worship. Woden, from whence Wednesday comes, was a valiant prince among the Saxons. His image was prayed to for victory. Thor, from whence we have Thursday, is seated on a bed, with twelve stars over his head, holding a sceptre in his right hand. Friga, from whence we have Friday, is represented with a drawn sword in his right hand, and a bow in his left. He was the giver of peace and plenty. Seator, from whence is Saturday, has the appearance of perfect wretchedness; he is thin-visaged, long-haired, with a long beard. He carries a pail of water in his right hand, wherein are fruits and flowers.

The Servant Grievance.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

The evil of which everyone is complaining increased with railways, and grows in every district where facilities of communication exist. When mistresses stayed at home, kept few servants, thought it no disgrace to assist in household matters, and were content with a new dress occasionally, servants, as a body, were settled, industrious, respectful, and neatly attired. But when a spirit of restlessness invaded the domestic hearth, servants became animated with the same desire for change. Comfortable quiet places were no longer appreciated; masters and mistresses went on the Continent or to London for pleasure—servants wished to do the same. Regular hours and appointed work were exchanged for excitement and harder labor. According to the pace at which innovation proceeds, we may expect shortly to see the hint now adopted in servants' advertisements, of "no objection to travel," superseded by the announcement that a trip to Switzerland, or a tour up the Rhine is preferred. Another reproach against maid servants is their excessive love of dress; but in this respect also they are infected by the spirit of the age. Ladies who do not scruple to levy a per-centage on the housekeeping fund to meet the exorbitant demands of fashion, cannot surely be surprised that inferiors pilfer their employers on every occasion to satisfy the insatiable desire for new clothes. Rich apparel, costly jewelry, which formerly entitled their possessors to a certain amount of respect from those not similarly endowed, are now imitated by every device of Birmingham machinery and Manchester looms at a price that places them within reach of the lowest. Human nature is not proof against such temptations—the distinction which fine apparel and ornaments confer has always been coveted by high and low, rich and poor. Again, thriftlessness, wilful waste of their master's substance, is pronounced one of the besetting sins of servants now-a-days. But few mistresses, comparatively, know what the daily consumption of their household should be; and fewer still take pains to check any excess that may occur. Unlimited license is frequently given for servants to order what is necessary in their respective departments. They cannot be expected to inquire whether "Master" can or cannot afford to pay the lengthy bills that result from the exercise of the privilege. It might be considered an impertinence to hint at such a doubt.

It is mere folly, therefore, to prescribe a contrary course of conduct to a class that has ever been extremely sensitive to the influence of their superiors. It is to be expected that servants will in their humble sphere continue to reflect the manners and customs of the superior class with whom they come daily in contact. The valet will imitate the lord, the kitchen-maid the cook, and so forth throughout the range of society.—*English paper.*

Another Great Display of Falling Stars Expected.

The writer of this was among the fortunate few who witnessed the wonderful shower of meteors in the night of Nov. 13, 1833. Being at a large boarding-school, it chanced that some one of the boys caught sight of the fiery rain, and he aroused the whole school. For an hour or two we sat watching the sublime spectacle with mingled interest and awe. The sky was constantly lighted with hundreds of stars, shooting forth from the neighborhood of the zenith, and streaming across the heavens; each leaving a bright streak in its track that gradually faded away.

This most impressive of all celestial phenomena has been the subject of much inquiry among astronomers. It is found that in November of every year the number of falling stars is more numerous than at other periods, and that there is a less considerable display in August. The July number of Silliman's Journal contains the last of a series of articles by H. A. Newton on the "November Star-shower." In these articles Prof. Newton has traced the history of this startling phenomenon from the first record of its appearance in A. D., 902, and has discussed at length its most probable cause. He comes to the conclusion that there is a ring of small planets revolving around the sun; that the planets are distributed very unevenly in the ring, there being a small section of the ring where the bodies are numerous with a few stragglers scattered along the rest of its circuit; that the earth passes through the ring every year, and each year in a new place; and that it passes through that part of the ring in which the planets are most numerous once in about thirty-three years. He further concludes that the period of the revolution of this ring of planets around the sun may be calculated with very great accuracy, and that it is 354·621 days—a little less than a year. The motion is retrograde, and the velocity with which the bodies enter our atmosphere is 20·17 miles per second. The following are Prof. Newton's remarks in regard to the next appearance of the great shower:—

"If then, a shower occurs in A. D., 1864 (31 years after 1833), it seems most reasonable to look for its greatest display (on the morning of Nov. 14th) 144 degrees west of our Atlantic states, that is, in the western part of the Pacific Ocean and in Australia. In 1865, it may be looked for as central 97 degrees further west, or in western Asia and eastern Europe; and in 1866, on the western Atlantic. The year in which we have most reason to expect a shower, is 1866, since the cycle of 33·25 years is probably to be reckoned from some date between November in 1832 and 1833. These places and times are named with hesitation—rather to guide observation, than as predictions. The causes alluded to above, and the possible perturbations and irregularities of structure of the group, may cause unexpected variations of time and place."

TWO THOUTHAND PIGTH.—The Pittsburg Chronicle has a comical story about a man who had a peculiar lisp, and had bought some swine, applied to a neighbor for the loan of a pig-pen, when the following conversation ensued:

"Mitheth Young, I have bought two thowth and pigth, and want to put them in your pen till to-morrow."

"Why, Mr. Fisher, my pen will not hold a twentieth part of them; what in the world are you going to do with two thousand pigs?"

"Understand me, madam; I don't thay two *thouthand* pigth, but two *thowth* and pigth."

"I hear you! Two thousand pigs for one family! The man is certainly crazy."

"Mitheth Young, I tell you again I don't mean two *thouthand* pigth; but two thowth and *two* pigth."

"Oh—oh—Mr. Fisher, that's what you mean. Certainly my pen is at your service, neighbor."

THERE COMES A TIME.

There comes a time when we grow old,
  And like a sunset down the sea,
Slopes gradual and the night wind cold
  Comes whispering sad and chillingly;
    And locks are gray
    At Winter's day,
And eyes of saddest blue behold
  The leaves all dreary drift away,
  And lips of faded coral say
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when joyous hearts
  Which leaped as leaped the laughing main,
And dead to all save memory,
  As prisoner in his dungeon chain;
    And dawn of day
    Hath passed away,
The moon hath into darkness rolled,
  And by the emblems wan and gay,
  I hear a voice in whisper say,
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when manhood's prime
  Is shrouded in the mist of years,
And beauty fading like a dream,
  Hath passed away in silent fears;
    And then how dark!
    But oh! the spark
That kindled youth to hues of gold,
  Still burns with clear and steady ray,
  And fond affections lingering say
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when laughing Spring
  And gold in Summer cease to be;
And we put on the Autumn robe
  To tread the last declivity.
    But now the slope,
    With rosy hope,
Beyond the sunset we behold
  Another dawn, with fairer light,
  While watchers whisper thro' the night,
There comes a time when we grow old.

LORD LYNN'S WIFE.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN UNWELCOME LETTER.

It is not in human nature, not at least in the nature of an intelligent person of either sex, to persevere in a sinful course without occasional waverings of purpose and cold fits of repentance, or, at any rate, of that sharp fear of ulterior consequences that stimulates repentance. And Aurelia not only felt this, as the days and weeks wore on towards the time of her wedding, but also she experienced a sincere, though short-lived and feeble, disgust at the sinuous paths she was pursuing. She was not merely a bold, bad woman. She was not heartless. She could see the beauty of virtue and the ugliness of vice quite as well as the most eloquent moralist could do. Only the thorns that sometime lie in virtue's road, the hard flints that bruise the feet of human goodness, ever and anon, were odious to Aurelia's idol, self. She was willing to be good, but it was on condition that she should lie on rose leaves, and have *her* lines cast in the pleasant places of the world. What she had done, what she was ready to do, if need must, to screen herself from consequences, had been done to ensure herself the world's smiles and good word, and to keep her own prospect of rank and high position, which to one of her intellect meant power, unobstructed. But Aurelia lied, Sapphira-like, lied not alone to men and to heaven, but to herself, when she said in her bitterness of soul that she desired to repent, but could not do it. She really desired no such thing, if to repentance were attached the hard, unwelcome conditions of confession and atonement for wrong done. Had she wished, sincerely wished to repent, it would have been a sign that her heart was softened and her iron will bowed down. But her heart, though it felt pain, was not penitent, and her will was to be broken, not bent. She would very much have liked to lead a perfectly honest life, free from mystery, concealment, or harmful acts; but she was more disposed to murmur and rebel because of the stumbling-block that early difficulties had thrown in her way, than to blame herself for what she had done to rid herself of the burden. Her sense was too strong, her organization too admirable, for her, in any case, to have been one of those warped and unhappy ones who do evil for evil's sake. Aurelia never did any one an iota of mischief through wantonness or idle malice, as many a less dangerous person will do unthinkingly. But she had few scruples as to sacrificing whatever stood between her and the object she had in view. And out of this deliberate preference of herself to others, her history grew, like a upas-tree, baneful to all around.

All this time the usual preparations which go on in twenty places when the sons and daughters of wealth marry or are given in marriage, went on merrily enough. There were parchment-faced conveyancers, whose vital air had mingled, for thirty years or more, with the legal dust of their cheerless chambers, trying hard to find out possible flaws in the voluminous marriage-settlements to be executed by the Right Hon. Hastings, Lord Lynn, and Aurelia Darcy. There were coachmakers busy with hammer-cloths, the most pliant of springs, the most ingenious of patent axles. Heraldic painters were mixing their colors to do justice to Aurelia's coroneted carriage-panels. Milliners and embroiderers, and who knows how many more purveyors of feminine finery, from the jeweler with his blow-pipe and gold and borax, and heaps of little shining gems, and strings of pearls, to the poor sleepless slave of the needle, working nineteen hours a day, were all interested more or less in the Warwickshire wedding. So was the confectioner, planning new ornaments for the monstrous cake in its pure white bridal crust of snowy sugar. So was Mr. Ringbolt, the Leamington horsedealer, who was for ever bringing showy hacks and high-stepping grays over to Beechborough and Hollingsley, and who did his best for his own pocket by reminding Aurelia what a good horse, lamb-like, yet apparently spirited, was her favorite chestnut, bought from him, and hoping "her ladyship"—he gave her brevet rank—would allow him the privilege of supplying her with such a pair of carriage-horses for the Park, as no London yard could beat, not at no price.

There was a time when all these things, with the manifold duties of deciding on this, directing that, and making a difficult choice between opposing prettinesses, would have pleased and amused Aurelia. A true woman cannot be absolutely indifferent to fine clothes and glittering gewgaws, and all the elegance that makes a throne for affluence. And Aurelia, despite her powerful mind, was above all things, womanly. Even now, when there seemed to be a dark shadow between her and the sun—when she felt the weight and clog of her secret, as a prisoner feels the load of his fetters—she derived a certain satisfaction from the costly good taste of the preparations for her bridal. She had not sold herself, after all, without a price. These dainty toys—these whims embodied in expensive materials by cunning artists—these shawls from India and Lyon—these rich stuffs, and blinding embroidery and jewelry, the charge of which weighed on the mind of Jennings, who was quite frightened at the rubies and brilliants under her care—soothed her a little. They were tokens of the high rank she was soon to wear, more as a right than as a gift.

Her affianced husband was confident that she would lend that rank a lustre, not borrow one from it. Lord Lynn came over, almost every day, to the Hall, and always went away more and more deeply in love with the matchless creature to whom he had pledged himself. His presence acted on Aurelia like a charm. Misgivings, cares, hatred of herself—and she *did* hate herself sometimes as cordially as any Draco could have hated her—all vanished when he came. She laid herself out to keep him fast bound in her chains, and lavished on him all the riches of her many-hued imagination, all the powers of her mind, all the pretty arts and kitten-like playfulness which women possess for the subjugation of men, and which were doubly subduing when practised by this grand enchantress. Lord Lynn, though he saw Lucy's sorrowing face in his dreams, and though he was sad enough at times, when he remembered the blight he had cast on her young life, was very true to Aurelia. He loved her. He was proud of her. With such a wife at his side, he felt as if he could subdue the world, if need be. He should never be a fainéant knight, with such a consort as that.

Aurelia valued Lord Lynn's love, not with blind fervor, but with the sort of appreciation with which men prize a very fine jewel, whose prize is in itself a fortune. She was not marrying him because he was a lord, though she would not have married him unless he had been a lord. She was not one of those utterly weak or mercenary girls who at seventeen trip to the altar to swear fidelity and love to a palsied old peer of seventy, till Death (who must surely be groomsman at that grim mockery of a wedding) do them part. But though she owned that Hastings, Lord Lynn, was chivalrous, energetic, brave, not without talents, and as honorable as Bayard—in fact, a dear good fellow—she could not love him in the romantic, single-minded way in which he loved her. It seemed to her as if something—the romance, the tenderness, call it what you will—had been cut out, or burnt out, or torn away, from her own woman's heart long ago. She could not feel as she had felt, and she was half-abashed, half-proud with a wilful pride, over that apathy that had grown over her feelings, like an unhealthy moss on a doomed tree.

But one thing was noticeable. Aurelia was very tender and patient with her father, and this was something new. She had been used to manage him, almost openly, playing on his weaknesses as a skilled musician on the ivory keys of a piano, and turning him, as the Beechborough Vehmgericht of the still-room admiringly declared, "round her finger." But ever since her acceptance of Lord Lynn—ever since it was certain that she should soon leave her father's roof—ever since, above all, George Darcy had betrayed such unexpected fondness for his daughter, when her young life seemed quivering on the brink of the black gulf of death, Aurelia's manner had changed. She sought to please her father now, not, as before, to mould him to her purpose by hoodwinking him into the belief that he was following out his own conceptions. And as she did nothing by halves, she passed most of her time with him, studying his comfort and his fancies, eager to copy his letters, to set right his muddled accounts, to put order into the chaos of his petty affairs, at the first request that she would "see what she could make" of some imbroglio of lawyers' letters, plaints, and replevins. More than this, she would sit for hours beside him, pleased to watch him as he read the newspaper, pleased to touch his hand, glad to lay her beautiful head on old George Darcy's shoulder, and to look up playfully in his face, as she had not done before since she was quite a little child, and coaxed him to give her sugar-plums. The idea that her father really loved her was quite new to her. She had never before realized the fact; taking it for granted that, in a jog-trot, conventional way, he "liked her very well," as the phrase goes, but not crediting him with any deep paternal feelings till the occasion of the attempt on her life.

"Papa," she would say, caressingly, but with a sadness in her voice, as they sat together, "do you really love me so much, dear? Should you be so sorry, so very, very sorry, if—if anything happened to take me from you early? I did not know that. I wish I had known it years ago."

Mr. Darcy received all this tribute of filial piety, rendered at the eleventh hour, in a very ungracious and angular manner. He was a true Englishman, ashamed of any outward display of emotion, and was wretched to think of the unmanly way in which, as he was convinced, he had behaved in public, when Aurelia lay apparently dead before his eyes. He was a weak man who had all his life made feeble pretences of being strong, and as soon as Aurelia regained her health, he snubbed her, snapped at her, and contradicted her flatly, especially before the servants, on every possible occasion when the mildest difference of opinion could arise. But apart from this necessary vindication of his character, Mr. Darcy was softened by his child's unwonted affection, and he was often scowling at the newspaper when there were tears in his eyes, and when he was thinking sorrowfully how desolate his study would be when this, his beautiful daughter, should be gone to her husband's home.

It was on the very day on which Aurelia, driving to Blanchminster, had quietly put down the window of the carriage, and had slipped a heavy little roll of sovereigns into Mrs. Brown's ready hand, which coins had been received with a discreet "Thank you, ma'am," as if they had merely represented the toll according to act of parliament, that, on coming home, she found a letter from Miss Crawse. A fierce, irritable letter it was, breathing suspicion and ill-humor, and with the words savagely underlined here and there. In it Miss Crawse represented, not untruly, that several weeks had elapsed without bringing about any realization of Aurelia's promises; that her brothers were, both of them, out of employment, from no fault of their own; and that she felt hurt and vexed at Miss Darcy's sluggishness in providing them with government situations. She wished Miss Darcy no ill, and for the sake of old times, was unwilling to speak her all her mind, but her main duty was to her own people; and as promises and pie-crust were equally fragile, and fair words buttered no parsnips (which latter scraps of proverbial wisdom Lydia Crawse transcribed in small capitals, with vicious dashes beneath), the ex-companion demanded a place for Tom, at least, on pain of instant hostilities. There was another sting to this letter in the shape of its postscript, which was worded thus:—"I have been greatly plagued and troubled about my mother's troubles—money-matters—or I should perhaps have been less put out. I dare say you have forgotten it, but I have relations who live in a mean, half-furnished house in Bail Street, Liverpool, and who are ill and in debt. I cannot help them unless you help me. So, knowing what I know, perhaps you will not refuse the loan of sixty pounds to me—for their use, not mine, mind.

"L. C."

Aurelia had not time to write to her trustees, and her own funds were nearly all in Mrs. Brown's hoard just then. She went down, however, and got the notes from her father, and was thus able to enclose the sixty pounds in a very guarded but amicable letter that she returned to the insolent missive of her former friend. She promised to speak to Lord Lynn in behalf of Thomas Crawse. To Sir Joseph she professed already to have sued; but Sir Joseph could not ask a favor from the ministry. A little while and she would pay all.

CHAPTER XVII.

LEFT ALONE.

While Aurelia, dauntless but careworn, confronted the threatening aspect of those coarse agents who had been her tools, and strove to become her masters—while Aurelia Darcy was in a dilemma resembling that of some enchanter beset by rebellious fiends, eager to tear him limb from limb, and raging around the magic circle, Lucy Mainwaring had her own trials to endure. Her disappointment had been severe: and her gentle, placable nature afforded no counter-irritant in the shape of resentment or wounded self-love, by the aid of which she might forget the smart of the pain she felt in every fibre of her innocent heart. She did not know how dear her cousin was to her until the cruel day came when he was lost to her as a lover—lost even as a friend, it seemed; for Lord Lynn's relations with his kinsfolk at Stoke Park were now of an extremely cold and distant description, not from any fault on either side, perhaps, but because humanity is weak, and not apt to be very just in its anger. It was due to Lucy that no actual quarrel had occurred, for the Squire, the best-natured of men, was easily aroused to a blazing state of choler at the semblance of any insult to a lady of his name and stock, and had intimated his intention of "speaking his mind" to Lord Lynn. Lucy's entreaties had prevented this, and in the office of peace-maker she had found an ally in her mother. The Honorable Mrs. Mainwaring, when her first wrath had cooled, remembered two things: first, that she was a Wyvil, and that to be on bad terms with the head of the house would be unseemly; secondly, that it would be of the utmost disadvantage to Lucy's prospects that she should be publicly spoken of as having been "jilted" by Lord Lynn. For Mrs. Mainwaring knew very well that the outspoken compassion which young ladies receive on such occasions is usually much dashed with contempt.

Thus it came about that the Squire did not turn his back on his young friend and connection when they met shortly after; but though they shook hands, according to old custom, there was a restraint in their talk, and each knew that the other was ill at ease as himself. It was not for Lord Lynn, however sincerely sorry he might be for the false position in which his thoughtlessness had placed him with respect to those whom he liked so well, to apologise to Mr. Mainwaring for unconsciously winning his daughter's affections. There are some things that a man cannot say, let him be the veriest puppy, and the young lord was by no means a puppy. So he reddened as he took the Squire's stiffly-offered hand, and the Squire reddened too; and both men avoided looking into each other's eyes, and conversed of the weather, and the hunting, and the birds—about which they thought nothing at all just then—until Lord Lynn was in a manner constrained to ask after Mr. Mainwaring's womankind at home.

"O, quite well, thank you—quite well!" said the Squire, tugging out his watch, and discovering that he had an appointment in another part of the county town that brooked no delay, and so was going off with a nod of adieu, but jerked awkwardly back again, and said—but said as if the words choked him: "By the by, we haven't seen you at Stoke this age. I was to give Maria's love in case I met you, and say so. My wife will be glad—— Good morning!"

There are few sadder things than the pretence of keeping up a dead-and-gone friendship for the sake of appearances. So it was in this case. Lord Lynn called at Stoke once, and twice, and thrice. His near relation, Mrs. Mainwaring, received him with forced sprightliness, congratulated him in a very polite way upon his approaching marriage, and made him thoroughly uncomfortable by the excessive pains which she took to entertain him. Those were wretched visits. The young nobleman sat with a hang-dog look on his handsome, kindly face, gnawed his moustache, and spoke little. It was so sadly unlike old times. The children came in, but children are very quick in finding out when something has gone wrong with their elders, and the boys were shy of their cousin, while Kitty flashed her black eyes at him as indignantly as if she had been a little basilisk, and meant to strike him dead with her hostile glances. Kitty was furious, for Lucy's sake. We may be very sure that Miss Mainwaring had not made a *confidante* of her young sister; but servants have tongues, and young ladies in their teens have ears, and Kate had heard that Lord Lynn's conduct had been heartless and barbarous, and, in a word, a "burning shame;" and she let him know by her pouting lip and scornful looks what she thought of him. Lucy never came down at all, was never mentioned by any one, beyond the brief necessary inquiry as to her health, and the brief commonplace answer. Miserable visits they were, and in after-life Lord Lynn never liked to look back to them.

He was better off than Lucy, though, as men are commonly better off for consolation than women. If he regretted the sweet friend he had lost, he dearly loved and admired the matchless woman he had chosen to be his wife. In her company he always felt happy; the hours spent with Aurelia were winged hours. He hardly knew whether his love or his admiration was the greatest; but he was sure that bright days, and fame, and the praise of the good and great, must be in store for one who entered life's battle with such a partner as she would prove. And yet, though he entertained the highest estimate of Aurelia's talents, perhaps he never thoroughly knew in what her true strength lay. She was well-read; but there were others of her sex who had twice her learning, but from whose society men fled as from the plague-stricken. She talked well; but there were other women who dropped epigrams and apothegms as the fairy princess dropped pearls, yet who were rather a terror than a delight to their friends. Her tact was wonderful. If a man whom she cared to please had any hidden merit or quality, like a jewel neglected in the mine, she could draw it out, and set it in the most attractive light. Contact with her mind was like the touch of Ithuriel's spear, with this difference, that it was rather the bright and powerful features of the disposition that started forth, salient, than the dark or mean ones. Aurelia liked excellence, if it went hand in hand with strength of will. The mental atmosphere that surrounded her braced while it intoxicated; and hence Lord Lynn never left Miss Darcy's presence without feeling his ambition strengthened, and his faculties quickened into new activity; and in this respect, and because he fondly believed that his love was paid back to him in kind, he was far better off than poor little Lucy at Stoke Park.

Yet Lucy went on her way, if not cheerfully, at least unmurmuringly. She did not give herself the airs of a heroine, as some love-lorn maidens do, or consider herself as emancipated from all ties and obligations, that she might better indulge a selfish grief. If she wore the willow for her cousin, as good-natured gossips of low and high degree were kind enough to say, at least she wore it modestly, and hid it away in her heart. It was very sad now a days, that poor little trusting heart, and had a dull aching pain in it, that its owner never spoke of, but did her best to hide, under cover of patient smiles and quiet discharge of her duties. She never neglected those duties. Her poor people did not become indifferent to her, nor her daily self-imposed tasks irksome, because her young hopes were cankered. She still went her rounds from cottage to school, from the bedside of the sick to the class-room where the chubby-cheeked children were awaiting her, and did her work uncomplainingly, as of old. The poor had never known Miss Mainwaring's smiles to be more full of sweet pity, her patience with their garrulous narratives of suffering or trouble more generously forbearing, or her bounty more graciously given, than in those melancholy days of the late autumn.

The echo of the thousand-and-one preparations for the coming wedding reached Lucy's ears, as she toiled in her little daily round of small cares and kindnesses, like the distant sound of festival music falling on the ears of one who lies on a sick bed; and yet the comparison does not hold good, for the labors of Lucy's blameless life were her safeguard and stay. Had she had nothing else to do but to brood and brood over what might have been, she felt as if the torture would have been too great. But she went on her allotted path meekly, suffering, it is true, but still glad that she could feel joy in drying the tears of others, still knit to others in bonds of sympathy and love, and bearing her cross without rebellion.

It is worth mentioning that after one wild ungovernable transport of wounded feelings, in which, as she thought, she was unjust to her rival, and for which injustice she had craved forgiveness in her prayers, she cherished no resentment against Aurelia. Formerly, while the knowing ones of Warwickshire were in doubt as to whether Lord Lynn would seek a bride in Stoke or Beechborough, or neither, Lucy had suspected Aurelia of a deliberate design to win her cousin's attachment; but now that the worst had happened, now that in London and Paris, as well as in the county, it was matter of notoriety on whom Lord Lynn's choice had fallen, Lucy blamed herself for lack of charity in such a suspicion. She did not, would not blame her kinsman. He had been a little thoughtless, that was all; but then he was a man, and it was for women to be careful, so the fault was hers. She was not one of those who love to drag their late idols through mud and mire—far from it; she would not hear a word against Lord Lynn; and for his sake, and for her own soul's sake, she acquitted Aurelia of the charge of duplicity. How could he, the soul of honor, who had looked and spoken, ah! she well remembered how nobly, in the dear old times, have anchored his heart on a woman not worthy of him! Lucy had always been humble. She had never questioned Aurelia's calm self-asserting superiority; and she was quite sure, now, that Lord Lynn had chosen as beseemed him. He was lost to her; but she treasured his past words and looks as something precious in the lonely hours; and she prayed that he might be happy, and wished him no ill, bore him no grudge, and, in short, did not manifest what some women call a "proper spirit."

Condolence is, nine times in ten, a bitter pill to swallow, and so Lucy found it. To have our sorrows alluded to and sympathized with by those who have no tie in common with us, save lip-service or lukewarm liking, as a trial to the nerves and the temper. It is as if some officious person would insist on removing splints and unswathing bandages, to see if our broken bones had yet begun to reunite, on tearing away lint and plaster, and using the probe, torturing us afresh in the aimless wish to learn the depth of the wound. And Lucy had to wince under a good deal of this discipline; not so much from those of her own rank, for Mrs. Mainwaring, all alive to the polite skirmishing of society, was ready to protect her from such of the country matrons as chose to drive over to Stoke and see how dear Miss Mainwaring was, after the shameful behavior of her fine relation, My Lord Lynn; but she was attacked with outspoken pity in her cottage visitings, and she sometimes needed all the lessons her faith taught her, to enable her own gentle temper to take such speeches in good part. Those speeches, uttered by bedridden old dames, who had heard some garbled version of her story—by toilworn wives, fighting their way in life with nine children and two loaves and ditto shillings from the parish—or by the buxom daughters of farmers, were kindly meant. There was no leaven or malice in what was said on the damp brick cottage-floors, whatever may have been the case with words spoken in rooms carpeted with Brussels pile and Aubusson velvet. But the poor are not reticent; they tell their own griefs and troubles to all who will listen, and they set down the silence of the rich to heartlessness or pride.

There was still speculation rife on the subject of the attempt on Aurelia's life. In the country, a nine-days' wonder, or what would be such in London, lasts a long time. But conjecture had worn itself threadbare without solving the problem, and the general impression was, that the assassin had either committed suicide, or had been drowned in a rash attempt to ford or swim the deep and weedy river, in the absence of the usual ferry-boat. But rumor found a pleasanter, if a less exciting theme in the bustle of the approaching wedding, and in the fitting-up of Hollingsley Court, which old-world mansion was in need of much rejuvenation before it should be fit for the reception of so charming a mistress as Aurelia, Lady Lynn. There were people in that part of Warwickshire, as elsewhere, who prided themselves on knowing all about the concerns of their neighbors, and who could tell to a nicety how many van-loads of furniture had been sent down, by which of the eminent upholsterers in London; which rooms were to be in panel, and which papered; and what suites of walnut and crimson damask, of maple and brocade, of rosewood and blue silk, would be placed in the Great Gallery, the "round room," modelled after Ranelagh by a contemporary of Horace Walpole, and the drawing-room that by ancient usage was called "My Lady's." These good people knew, too, what was the amount of Aurelia's jointure, and that of her pin-money, to a sixpence. They were great upon the subject of the servants that were to be hired, the horses and carriages to be bought, on the resetting of the Lynn diamonds, and the remodelling of the Lynn plate, too cumbrous for modern ideas. They knew exactly which was the town-house in Park Lane that had been selected for the young couple; what was to be the rent, the length of the lease, and the extent of the establishment. Lady Lynn would give four great entertainments, balls to be heralded weeks beforehand by the *Morning Post*, and at which all the cream of London society would be crushed and squeezed and trodden upon in good company. Lord Lynn had engaged a well-known French *chef*, and was to come out in the character of Amphitryon. He was to be a junior Lord of the Treasury, too. That his wife would be a leader of fashion, nobody doubted. Aurelia, though only a baroness, would have beauty and wit enough to outshine half the duchesses in Burke's *Peerage*.

Lucy heard of all these splendors without envying them. Her sphere was a different one, by nature, from that in which Aurelia was qualified to move. She could never have been a leader of fashion in any case—never one of those wonderful women of the political world, the props of a ministry or an opposition, and whose smiles and sugared words confirm wavers and cause defection among the enemy; but she would have made Lord Lynn a good wife. Not even Aurelia could have taken a keener interest in his success than Lucy would have done. She would have been so fond of him, so proud of him; and in the hour of defeat and disaster, would probably have been a better comforter, a more tender friend, than the daring, far-sighted woman who had outrivalled her, and who saw nothing but shame in failure.

But there was soon a new subject of conversation in that part of the country: an epidemic—a bad, virulent fever of the dreaded typhoid family of fevers—had made its appearance with the autumn rains. It spread from village to village, with apparent caprice, as such fevers commonly do, but guided, no doubt, by unerring laws, which our sanitary science is as yet too purblind to discover. The autumn was long and mild; and as the sickness spread, men began to long for the first frosts of winter. The first frosts came, but they did not scare the destroyer away. The malady hung about the village streets, taking some, sparing others, stretching the strong breadwinner on a bed of sickness, culling its prey among rosy children, striking down the busy housewife in the midst of her lifelong toil, and dismaying all.

"Two cases of the fever up at the Union, I hear," said Mr. Mainwaring, coming in from riding, with a serious face. "If we can keep it out of Sockhurst, we shall be luckier than our neighbors, Miss Lucy. Barker, the doctor, tells me it's terribly bad at Patcham Cross Roads—thirty-seven down already; and Killick, who lives there, has his hands full of patients. A bad business; but Patcham is ill-drained—a disgrace to the county!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

How the Chinese Make Dwarf Trees.

We have all known from childhood how the Chinese cramp their women's feet, and so manage to make them "keepers at home;" but how they contrive to grow miniature pines and oaks in flower-pots for half a century, has always been much of a secret. They aim first and last at the seat of vigorous growth, endeavoring to weaken it as far as may consist with the preservation of life. They begin at the beginning. Taking a young plant (say a seedling or cutting of a cedar) when only two or three inches high, they cut off its tap-root as soon as it has other rootlets enough to live upon, and replant it in a shallow earthen pot or pan. The end of the tap-root is generally made to rest on the bottom of the pan, or on a flat stone within it. Alluvial clay is then put into the pot, much of it in bits the size of beans, and just enough in kind and quantity to furnish a scanty nourishment to the plant. Water enough is given to keep it in growth, but not enough to excite a vigorous habit. So, likewise, in the application of light and heat. As the Chinese pride themselves on the shape of their miniature trees, they use strings, wires and pegs, and various other mechanical contrivances to promote symmetry of habit, or to fashion their pets into odd fancy figures. Thus, by the use of very shallow pots, the growth of the tap-roots is out of the question; by the use of poor soil and little of it, and little water, any strong growth is prevented. Then, too, the top and side roots being within easy reach of the gardener, are shortened by his pruning knife or seared with his hot iron. So the little tree, finding itself headed on every side, gives up the idea of strong growth, asking only for life, and just growth enough to live and look well. Accordingly, each new set of leaves becomes more and more stunted, the buds and rootlets are diminished in proportion, and at length a balance is established between every part of the tree, making it a dwarf in all respects. In some kinds of trees this end is reached in three or four years; in others, ten or fifteen years are necessary. Such is fancy horticulture among the Celestials.—*The Technologist.*

☞ When Dr. Johnson was asked whether he believed Dr. Dodd capable of writing dissertations when under the sentence of death: "Why, yes, sir," said he; "when a man knows he is to be hung, it wonderfully concentrates his ideas."

TRUE TO THE LAST.

It happened just before I went up for my examination, said old Smith. The firm was then Sharpus, Ward, Andrews & Co.; and if anybody had told me that *my* name would ever figure in it as a partner, I should have looked up the law relative to the confinement of lunatics, by way of practice and for that person's special benefit. Well, the house is Ward, Smith & Diggles now, and it may be Smith, Diggles & Smith before very long, if master Jack there minds his P's and Q's, and chooses to work his way on, as his father did before him. But to go on with my story. I was just out of my articles; and as Mr. Wardle—Crab Waddle, we mischievous young clerks used to call him—our managing common-law clerk, was ill, poor old Mr. Andrews (who undertook that branch of the business) asked me to remain and do his work whilst he was away. And glad enough I was of the chance; for, in the first place, it gave me an increase of salary, which was an important consideration in those days, and, better still, it gave me practice and experience, of which I stood in even greater need. I don't mind owning it now, because I've too good an opinion of Jack's common-sense to think that it will have a bad effect on him; but when I was his age, I thought, like many another foolish young fellow, that I was so wonderfully clever, that I should take to law as a duck does to swimming, without the trouble of learning. An old schoolfellow and great chum of mine was one Charley Lawrince, and his society and example were anything but conducive to application. He had £500 a year of his own, and was waiting for a commission in the army. Nearly every shilling of my fortune, past, present, and to come, had been sunk in paying the premium and stamp on my articles with Sharpus, Ward, Andrews & Co., and so you may suppose that the companionship of a gay young scapegrace like Charley was not the wisest that a lawyer's clerk on nothing a year could have chosen. It led me into all sorts of scrapes and extravagances; and when, after eighteen months of racketing about town, Charley was gazetted full ensign in Her Majesty's —th regiment, and ordered off to India, I found myself in difficulties, under which I groaned for many a year. Oh, but he was a right-down good-hearted boy was Charley: and if I had hinted at my troubles to him, they would very soon have vanished. But I was too proud for that; and Charley had troubles of his own at starting, which prevented his thinking about me. There was a girl down in Devonshire, where his family lived—a clergyman's daughter—with whom he had fallen in love, and would have married straight off, but her father, a proud man and devoted worshipper of mammon, (out of the pulpit,) had other views for her, and gave my poor friend the cold shoulder. *I* never could see any beauty in Laura Tregarven, the damsel in question; and later on knew her for what she was—a white-blooded little simpleton, without a single good quality to make herself or any one else happy. In Charley's eyes, however, she was perfection; and in one of their stolen interviews they vowed eternal love and constancy; and Charley carried with him to Bengal her solemn promise never, *never*, NEVER, to marry another.

Three years passed, and this brings me to the time I spoke of when I began my story. I had just finished preparing a brief in a great patent case we had for trial in Guildhall, and was the last in the office—for it was late—when in came Mr. Sharpus with a couple of deeds in his hand, and, "Oh, Mr. Smith," he said, "I am sorry to detain you, but the stationer has been much behindhand with the engrossing of this settlement, and it must go off to-night by the mail-train, *would* you be so good as to assist me whilst I verify it with the conveyancer's draft?"

Now this was mere clerk's work, and I offered to do it myself; but he was always considerate of other's trouble, and insisted upon helping. So he took the draught and read it, whilst I followed him in the parchment to see that it was properly copied. It was a marriage settlement, whereby Lord Thornbury, a nobleman of seventy years of age and anything but reputable character, settled £60,000 upon his bride elect, and this lady was no other than Laura Tregarven! "Poor Charley!" thought I, as I walked home; "how am I to break to you this rupture of all your hopes?" And my difficulty was not lessened when, a day or two afterwards, I received a letter from him stating that his regiment was ordered home, and bidding me wish him joy upon his prospect of again beholding his darling constant Laura.

Well, six months passed, and I heard no more of Charley; nor, indeed, had I much time to think about him, for poor old Wardle's illness ended in his death, and I was appointed, provisionally, managing clerk in his stead. The assizes were on, and we had several heavy cases for trial in different parts of the country. One of these, the great cause of *Stopperty* v. *Moss*, was entered for trial at York; and thither I went by the mail—for there were no railways in those days—with my briefs and witnesses, and retained the late Lord Campbell as my leading counsel.

Now York is a charming old city, in which a stranger can spend a day or two very pleasantly in looking about him. But a clerk in charge of a law-suit, Master Jack, must not go looking about him, or let his witnesses out of his sight; for he never knows, from one hour to another, when his cause may be called on. It may stand a half a dozen down on the list; but if you presume on this to go out for a walk, or a row on the river, the others are sure to break down, or be referred, or what not; and a pretty mess you will be in *then*. I may remain the very next for trial, and you may be told that the one before it cannot last two hours; and for all that it may drag on for days. Such a case was that which "stopped the way" before *Stopperty* v. *Moss*. A dozen times it threatened to break down, and a dozen-and-one-times it got on its weary legs again. It was a dull affair; and for want of something better to do—as I dared not leave the Castle—I strolled into the Crown Court, where (as you must know, Miss Mary,) the prisoners were tried. There sat the judge in his scarlet robes, with the high-sheriff of the county by his side, and before him three prisoners standing in the dock upon their trial for burglary. I began to chat with some young barristers whom I know, and was paying no attention to the proceedings, when all of a sudden I heard the name of Lord Thornbury mentioned by the counsel who was conducting the prosecution. I pricked up my ears, and began to listen to the case.

It appeared that, a day or two before the burglary, Lord Thornbury had returned with his bride from their continental tour, and had taken up his abode at his country-seat; that, in anticipation of the festivities which were to follow, the whole of his grand family plate and her ladyship's jewels had been brought down from his London bankers'; that one of the prisoners was a discarded servant, who knew where those valuables were kept; that the house had been broken into, and the whole of the silver swept away; and that another of the accused was caught in the act of climbing down from the roof of an outhouse close to the place where an entrance had been effected. The case against this fellow (who was indicted by the name of Richard Thompson) seemed to be clear enough; that against his companions rested upon circumstantial evidence. One of them, named Arnold, had been seen in company with Thompson the day before the burglary, prowling about the park, close to the house, in a suspicious manner; and the landlord of the inn at which Thompson had been staying swore that a man—whom he afterwards recognized as Arnold—called for the prisoner Thompson the following night, and that they walked out together in the direction of Lord Thornbury's park. The name of the discarded servant was O'Hara, and he had been taken into custody in the house of a noted receiver of stolen goods at Sheffield, where, concealed under some ashes in the back-kitchen, was found a mass of silver-plate broken up and partially melted, but not sufficiently so to obliterate the marks whereby it was identified as Lord Thornbury's property. The wretched old "fence" was indicted also; but he pleaded guilty, and was called as a witness against his client. Arnold and O'Hara were defended by counsel, and every dodge that experience and ingenuity could devise was made use of to get them off, and to throw all the blame on Thompson. There was a public path through the park, where the former had been seen talking with Thompson: perhaps he had merely asked him his way. If he had accompanied him to the Hall and assisted in the burglary, how came it that he (the prisoner Arnold) had not also been taken? As for O'Hara, he, poor innocent, was the victim of the the old Jew "fence." No one had seen him bring the stolen plate to Sheffield. Some one else might have taken it to the Jew's house, and there was nothing to show that O'Hara knew the bad character of that mansion into which—so suggested his defender—he might have been inveigled; and so forth, and so on. But the jury were not to be humbugged; and after a short discussion found Arnold and O'Hara guilty. They had no doubt about Thompson; had he not actually been caught in the act? This prisoner had no counsel; had asked no question of any of the witnesses against him; and upon being asked if he wished to say anything in his defence, merely shook his head. "What will he get?" asked a young barrister in front of me. "Oh, ten years, at least," said the friend he addressed; "it's a bad case: but what a good-looking fellow the scoundrel is."

The dock at York Castle is panelled in at the sides, and raised a good height from the ground. I was standing in a sort of gangway there is to the right of it, and could only see the back of the prisoners' heads; so when I heard the above remark, I began to press forward, out of curiosity to see what sort of a looking man this Richard Thompson was; but my attention was diverted by a rustling of silks, and the next moment Laura, Countess of Thornbury, escorted by her noble spouse, appeared on the bench, and was politely handed into a seat on the left of the judge by the high sheriff. Now, I think, that handsome, well-dressed women are ornaments in nearly every scene; but I cannot bear to see them in a criminal court, and have no patience with the morbid curiosity which brings them there. It was therefore with no pleasant feelings that I beheld my fine lady simpering in her bridal bonnet, and composing her silken skirts in presence of the poor devils who were to find their way to the hulks. I thought of Charley, and contrasted his fine manly form and open brow with the decrepit limbs and satyr-like features of the old reprobate to whom she had sold herself. There she sat, proud and cold-hearted as ever, whilst the judge proceeded to pass sentence on Richard Thompson, who was now alone in the dock, leaning over the front rail with his face buried in his hands. He had stood up sternly enough during the trial, and whilst his companions were receiving sentence; but now he seemed to have broken down. His lordship briefly recapitulated the evidence, and observed that it was impossible for any man of sense to doubt that he (the prisoner) was guilty, and had been one of the leading perpetrators, if not *the* leading one, in that most serious crime. It had evidently been carefully planned and only too successfully carried out; but the hand of the law had reached the guilty parties, "and I should be strangely wanting in my duty," said the judge, "if I did not pass upon you a severe sentence; and the sentence of the court is, that you be transported beyond the seas for the term of twenty years." Then the convict Thompson raised his head, and turned to quit the dock; and as he turned his features were revealed to me. *They were those of Charley Lawrince!*

I started back in amaze and horror, and a voice beside me exclaimed, "Oh, dear, dear, look! That charming Lady Thornbury has fainted! What a shame it is that there is not better ventilation in these courts! They are really stifling." Stifling, indeed! They seemed to me as though they were being whirled round and round in the crater of a volcano in active irruption.

Stopperty v. *Moss* ended in a verdict for our client, the plaintiff; and I received great commendation, on my return to town, for the manner in which I had managed it. I deserved no praise at all. By some lucky chance, things went on smoothly; but I was all the time in poor Charley's cell, and knew no more about what was going on in court than the man in the moon.

I was coming from the office of the governor of the jail, where I had been to get leave to see my friend, and he was being escorted from the place of detention under the dock, when we met again under such awfully changed circumstances. He recognized me in a moment, turned aside, and sprung lightly past me—not supposing that I knew him—into his cell, which was close at hand. I followed, and then he turned round upon me, almost savagely, demanding what I meant by intruding upon him.

"Don't you think I am sufficiently punished?" he asked in a cold, hollow tone, "without having the friends I have disgraced coming here to gloat over me?"

"Oh, Charley," I replied, "you cannot think that I have come with such a motive. Besides, you have disgraced no one. There is some horrible mistake. You are not guilty, Charley; you know you're not."

"Were you over yonder when I was tried?" he asked.

"Yes; but up to the very last I did not know it was you."

"Have you heard the judge say that it was impossible for any man of sense to doubt my guilt?"

"I did; but—"

"But what?"

"Charley, you are not guilty. You a thief!"

A faint smile crossed his face as I spoke thus, but it quickly vanished, and he answered gravely:

"None of us can tell what we may become: you see me as I am."

I had rushed to his side to give him my sympathy, to be indignant with him against the conspiracy of which I supposed him to be the victim; and to see him standing before me thus coolly, without one word of thanks or greeting—explaining nothing, denying nothing, but rather giving me tacitly to understand that my presence was unwelcome, and he would gladly be left alone—vexed me, and I replied:

"You must have changed indeed from what you were, if this is your reception of an old friend, Charles Lawrince!"

"Hush!" he exclaimed, seizing me by the arm. "Never mention that name again. Charles Lawrince died the same day that Richard Thompson, the burglar, found himself in jail."

"Do you mean to tell me that you had act or part in that robbery?"

"A jury of my countrymen have found me guilty of it," he answered moodily; "is not that enough?"

"Why did you not write to me? Why did you not defend yourself? Why, oh, Charley—"

I stopped, not knowing what to say.

"What was the use?" he replied, in a softer tone than he had hitherto used. "I was caught in the act. What could I say?"

"Charley," I said, "look me in the face."

He did so.

"Now tell me," I continued, "and tell me truly, I implore you, by the memory of our old friendship, what were you doing that night at Thornbury Hall?"

"Go and ask the judge."

"No; I ask you."

"And I will not indulge your curiosity. Wait till to-morrow, and you will find all about it in the newspapers. Confound it, man! Is it not enough for one day to be tried, convicted, and condemned to be transported for the best part of one's life, without having a confession wrung out of one like this?"

"Then you refuse to tell me the truth?"

"I do."

"Then it is *not* true that you participated in the burglary?" I demanded suddenly.

He flushed crimson, then turned deadly pale, and stammered—

"I—you—I—did not say so."

"But I am sure of it," I answered; so sure that I mean to seek Arnold, and find out what you really were together about. He can have no object in concealing the truth now, and then—"

"Well?"

"Well I shall beg an interview with the judge, and tell him what I suspect."

"And what do you suspect?"

"That you were at Thornbury Hall at the time that the burglary was committed, but were in no wise engaged in its commission."

"Star-gazing, I suppose."

"No; you were there to see that false woman."

"What false woman?"

"Laura Tregarven that was, Lady Thornbury that is."

"Bah!"

"I am sure of it—certain."

"Well then, look here, Jack Smith," he replied; "think so if you like; say so to others if you *dare*; but remember this—whatever story you may get from Arnold shall be flatly contradicted by me on the first opportunity. It will be only the word of one felon against the word of another," he continued bitterly; "and so it will end. Better leave it as it is."

"Charley," I exclaimed, "you are the noblest fellow in the world; but pause, I implore you. Think of the life in store for you; think of the sacrifice you are about to make."

"I have weighed all that."

"And to screen her will you go to the hulks?"

"Yes."

"For twenty years?"

"For ever, if need be."

"A woman who jilted you?"

"A woman whom—God help me!—I love, in spite of all." And here his forced reserve gave way; his long-pent-up emotions burst forth, and he sank upon the prison-seat, buried his face in his hands, and sobbed like a child.

For three hours I remained there, expostulating, arguing, entreating him to give up his rash resolve—but all in vain. He admitted that my suspicions were correct, but was determined to play out to the last the part he had begun. Sooner than breathe one word that would compromise Lady Thornbury, he was prepared to end his days as a felon. Six months afterwards, when he had tasted some of the horrors of his situation, I tried again, and again failed utterly to move him. At last the time arrived when, under the regulations then in force, he should be shipped off to some penal settlement; and in despair of saving him by other means, I resolved to see Lady Thornbury; appeal to her humanity—if she had any—and implore her to save my friend from himself. She had left England shortly after the trial, having evinced a preference for continental life, and was living at Paris; not upon the best terms—so scandal said—with her lord. He was madly jealous of her, and kept her in constant terror of even personal violence. There were those who said that he had gone beyond threats—whilst he recommenced his old way of living. I sought her in Paris, and found that in one of his jealous fits he had spirited her off to Lisbon. I followed; but found that they had left in his yacht for a two years' cruise, and no one knew where they had gone. It might be to Constantinople; it might be to Copenhagen; no one could say exactly; and when I returned to London, I discovered that the convict ship with Charley on board had sailed two days before for South Australia.

The undeserved reputation that I had gained in the case of *Stopperty* v. *Moss* procured me a prominent appointment as managing clerk and a promise of future partnership with Sharpus, Ward, Andrews & Co.; and business poured in upon me so fast, that I am ashamed to say I forgot poor Charley; when one day, about two years after his exile, a lady in deep mourning was ushered into my private room, and the first words she said were, "Oh, sir—oh, Mr. Smith, something must be done—do pray tell me what to do for Char—for Captain Lawrince."

"Captain Lawrince," I replied severely (for after the first moment of surprise at being thus abruptly appealed to, I recognized my visitor)—"Captain Lawrince," I said, "has been treated as a felon for nearly three years. It is somewhat late now, I think, to inquire what can be done for him."

"Oh, yes, yes," she cried; "it is so—it is so; but you do not know the life I have been led. I would have changed places with him willingly. Look here and here;" and she turned up her sleeve and threw back her hair, disclosing two deep scars, one on her arm, and the other on her temple. "He struck me there for no cause at all," she said bitterly; "he has often struck me. If he had known about Charley, he would have killed me."

Then she told me her miserable story. It appeared that—lacking courage to tell poor Charley of her falsehood, and the approaching marriage into which she had been lured by the dazzle of a coronet, she had written to him up to the time of his departure from India; that having landed at Falmouth, he rode to her father's house, and there learned the truth; that, actuated by a mad desire to see her once again, he had betaken himself to Thornbury Hall; that having seen her in the grounds, and not daring for her sake to approach her, he wrote a wild desperate letter, imploring her to see him once more, if only to tell him that she was happy, and if she were not (as he knew something of her husband), to fly with him; that by ill-luck he intrusted this letter for delivery to the man Arnold, who was prowling about for his own purposes; that he received from him her answer, in which she accorded him a last interview in the balcony of her boudoir; that she had parted with him there about one o'clock; that the alarm of robbers was not given until nearly three; and that up to the moment when she heard him sentenced as one of the burglars she never suspected that he had departed, and returned to his home. The fact was—as I afterwards found—that whilst pressing her to fly with him, she had torn herself from his side, and retired without bidding him farewell; and that he had waited, hoping against hope that she would return; till the alarm was given, and he was captured, as before described. It also transpired that a servant in the house was implicated in the robbery; that the plate was quietly slipped out of a side-door; and that the window near which my friend had been taken had been broken only as a ruse to avert suspicion. But after all, the most important information that Lady Thornbury gave me was that her brute of a husband was dead, and that she could now disclose what would save poor Charley.

Well, to make a long story short, I took her straight off to the office of the Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department; and after a good deal of botheration and red-tapery, a free pardon was accorded to Richard Thompson; that is to say, Her Majesty was graciously pleased to pardon an innocent man for having been wrongfully convicted as a felon! But the result was, that Charles Lawrince came home, was reinstated in his regiment, and—

"And married Lady Thornbury?" eagerly demanded little Mary.

"Um—m, no," replied Smith; "but he never married any one else."

Tropical Insects.

Among various, curious, and beautiful specimens was a gigantic tarantula, as large in the body as a good-sized mouse, the legs, I should think, extending over a diameter of at least five inches. Knowing the dangerous nature of this venomous creature, and feeling curious to ascertain how it had been captured, my friend informed me that whilst sitting one day at the dinner-table with a relative who had lived longer in Trinidad than my informant had done, they saw this insect demon quietly perambulating the dinner-table—no very welcome guest, indeed, at their desert. My friend's first impulse as a collector was to sweep the venomous spider into a wide-necked bottle of rum, which was close at hand. Fortunately, however, for him, he was arrested in this action by his more experienced guest, who told him that, should the creature escape the first assault made upon it, which, by its natural agility, it was very likely to do, it would probably attack its assailant, and inflict the fatal bite from which he would never recover. With strange presence of mind Dr. S. then cautiously placed a finger-glass over the tarantula, leaving it thus safely imprisoned whilst he fetched a bottle of chloroform always kept at hand in case of emergencies. He then saturated a piece of lint with the chloroform, and carefully slipping it under the glass with the blade of his penknife, left the unfortunate prisoner to inhale the stupifying fumes, which in due time had the effect of quieting all perceptible movement in the spider. Dr. S., now venturing to move the glass, swept his prize into the spirit-bottle, the contents whereof seemed at first somewhat to revive the half-insensible tarantula. The only thing now to be done was to leave the fearful animal in its potent bath until fairly drowned, a fact accomplished after some considerable lapse of time, when, showing no signs of vitality, this huge spider was placed in my friend's museum, henceforth to be safely examined or shuddered at under the glass-case, where it first attracted my attention.

☞ USE OF THE WASTE STEAM OF LOCOMOTIVES.—In France, the waste steam from the engine, instead of being allowed to escape into the air, is conducted from the escape pipe by means of a vulcanized India rubber tube, to copper pipes, through which it circulates under the seats and flooring of the cars. As soon as the train is set in motion, the steam begins to circulate through the pipes, and warms the cars, first, second and third class equally, and being connected with each other by India rubber tubing, they can be immediately detached or re-united at pleasure. In a trial of this plan on the Lyons line, two thermometers placed in first-class cars marked sixty degrees Fahrenheit during the whole journey; and in the second and third-class cars also, the temperature was found to be sufficiently elevated to allow of the longest winter's journey being accomplished without discomfort to the travellers.

☞ In Baltimore, a few days ago, a boy, in a freak of mischief, chopped off the tail of his father's dog. The poor animal ran about, howling and bleeding, until he found a secure retreat from the eye of man, and there he lay until hunger compelled him to leave his hiding place. Then he came out towards the kitchen in search of food. His master had taken the dismembered member and placed it on the railing of the kitchen porch. The dog saw it, and doubtless recognized it as his own. He took it down, licked it lovingly, and then deliberately turned around and sat down with the stump upon it, to see if it would grow out again!

The Approach to Atlanta.

THE REBEL DEFENCES IN GEORGIA.

The defences erected by Johnston's army in Georgia, rendered useless by the incessant flank movements of Sherman's forces are described by a correspondent as exceedingly formidable. A letter in the Cincinnati Commercial, dated July 8, says:—

"As we approach Atlanta, they steadily grow upon us—line after line is uncovered by our forward march, each more elaborate and irresistible—irresistible by all save Sherman's army—than the last. Imagine all the country between the Allatoona mountains and the Chattahoochie river ploughed into huge ridges, on an average once in every five miles—continuous cribs built of rails and poles or oftener of huge logs, twelve miles long—filled with dirt wrenched out from the clenched roots of a Georgia forest—four feet wide and six feet wide, running through the thickest woods and cleared fields alike, always two, oftener three, and sometimes even five lines deep, and all finished perfectly and polished, the trenches cut down square and true, and the parapets as if with the square and plummet—and you have a faint conception of the mazes of rebel fortifications through which this army has fought and flanked its way thus far into the Confederacy. My tent stands to-night within five yards of the huge wrinkle of earth erected by desperate rebels immediately after their abandonment of Kenesaw—the second from the river—and in coming to it I rode for hours between their first and second main lines, running along on top of a ridge just over against that on which were our own, and truly it seemed more like the work of Titans or infernal gods than of any mere men.

"The pervading terror with which our artillery has inspired the rebel imagination, was well illustrated by the numerous pits dug just inside the breastworks, and roofed over with logs and earth to shed the fierce iron rain which poured upon them both when they slept and when they waked. The neglected cornfields were ploughed by our shells as they had not been ploughed for weeks, and I have seen, at least in one case, an oak tree fifteen inches in diameter and quite sound, broken off twenty feet from the ground, and the top lying on the ground, from the effects of a single shell four inches in diameter passing through it. Who shall dispute the discretion of burrowing in the ground when such missiles are flying carelessly about?

"You should hear the sympathizing remarks made by our boys as they pass these works, which they got by a 'flank,' without any loss, in commiseration of the 'Johnnies' who worked so hard to make them, and never had the opportunity to fire a musket-shot from behind them. It is one of the humorous phases of this grim business of making war; and the substantial effects of marching the men by such works, which were won by strategy and common sense, instead of hard fighting, go far to cheer the spirits of those who are jaded from the long campaign."

A Good Dinner.

The essence of a good dinner is, "that it should be without ceremony, and that you should have what you want when you want it." This you cannot have at a ceremonial and formal London dinner, where you are encumbered with help, and are not allowed to do anything for yourself. At small everyday dinners you may have everything upon the table that is wanted at the time. Thus, for salmon you would have lobster, or parseley and butter, or cockle sauce, as you might prefer, with cayenne, Chili vinegar, sliced cucumber, &c. The comfort of this is great, as the guests pass the sauces at once and instantaneously to each other. At great dinners this is never done. Everything is handed round by a file of liveried servants, who are continually changing the courses and taking up and laying down dishes, to the discomfort of the guests. Yet it is this dull, comfortless, stately, and ostentatious formality that every one is striving at. "State," as Mr. Walker observes, "without the machinery of state, is of all states the worst;" and it is detestable to see men with a couple of thousands a year, and a couple of men servants, and an English female cook, imitating the style of living of men of thirty thousand a year, with a dozen male servants. I would not have it inferred that a large income and a first-rate man cook are indispensable to the giving of good dinners. There are now several schools of cookery in London, from some of which one can obtain regularly educated female cooks; and it is quite possible, with small establishments and small fortunes, to give comfortable and even elegant dinners, in which the English style shall be diversified by the French. But in these small establishments too much should not be attempted. Everything savoring of too much state and over-display should be discarded. The dishes should be choice, but limited in number, and the wines more remarkable for their excellence than their variety. It is the exquisite quality of a dinner or a wine that pleases us, not the number of dishes, nor the number of vintages. The late Earl of Dudley was wont to say, "that a good soup, a small turbot, a neck of venison, and ducklings with green peas, or chicken with asparagus, or an apricot tart, was a dinner for an emperor!"—*Kirwan's Hosts and Guests.*

☞ A citizen of Cape Girardeau, Missouri, walking in the woods, found a nest of young mocking-birds. He placed the nest in a cage, which he hung upon the same tree, thinking that the mother could take better care than he of her brood. Visiting the young family upon the following day, Sunday, he found to his surprise that the birds had all disappeared, and in the bottom of the cage was found coiled up a large black snake, so swollen that he could not get out of the hole through which he had entered. Indignant at the audacity of the fellow, and thirsting for revenge, he carried his snakeship to a burning limekiln and placed him upon a heated rock, when to his surprise the snake burst open, and the five young birds flew out, but were so scorched by the fire that he could not save them. The name of the gentleman is Mr. Charles Hunse.

☞ A slothful spirit is an impediment to a heavenly life. And I verily think there is nothing hinders it more than this in men of a good understanding. If it were only the exercise of the body, the moving of the lips, the bending of the knee, men would as commonly step to heaven as they go to visit a friend. But to separate our thoughts and affections from the world, to draw forth all our graces, and increase each in its proper object, and to hold them to it till the work prospers in our hands, this, this is the difficulty.—*Baxter.*

The Swamp Angel at Charleston.

On the 21st of August, at half-past one, A. M., I was lying on my bed in the Charleston Hotel, unable to sleep from the excessive heat, and listening to the monotonous sound of the cannonade kept up on the enemy's position from the batteries on James Island. Restless and weary of the night, I had lighted a candle in defiance of the musquitos, and sought to pass away the time with a volume of "Les Miserables." It happened to be the one containing the account of the battle of Waterloo; and while deeply interested in the description of the rushing squadrons of cuirassiers, I was startled by a noise that, from connection with my reading, resembled the whirr of a phantom brigade of cavalry galloping in mid-air.

My first feeling was that of utter astonishment; but a crash, succeeded by a deafening explosion in the very street on which my apartment was situate, brought me with a bound into the centre of the room. Looking from the window, I saw smoke and fire issuing from a house in which were stored the drugs of the medical purveyor. A watchman was running frantically down the street, and when he reached the corner just below me, commenced striking with his staff against the curb; a signal of alarm practised amongst the Charleston police. At first I thought a meteor had fallen; but another awful rush and whirr right over the hotel, and another explosion beyond, settled any doubts I might have had—the city was being shelled. People are not given to laughing under such circumstances, but I will defy any one who witnessed what I witnessed on leaving my room, not to have given way to mirth in moderation.

The hotel was crowded with speculators, who had been attracted to the city by the sale of some blockade cargoes, and the corridors were filled with these terrified gentlemen, rushing about in the scantiest of costumes and the wildest alarm. One perspiring individual, of portly dimensions, was trotting to and fro with one boot on and the other in his hand, and this was nearly all the dress he could boast of. In his excitement and terror he had forgotten the number of his room, from which he had hastened at the first alarm, and his distress was ludicrous to behold. Another, in a semi state of nudity, with a portion of his garments on his arm, barkel the shins of every one in his way in his efforts to drag an enormous trunk to the staircase.

On reaching the hall I found a motley crowd, some of whom with the biggest of words were cursing the Federal commanders. Whirr! came another shell over the roof, and down on their faces went every man of them into tobacco juice and cigar ends and clattering among the spittoons. I need not say that this is a class of men from whom the Confederacy hopes nothing; on the contrary, by their extortion practiced on a suffering people, they have made themselves execrated. If a shell could have fallen in their midst and exterminated the whole race of hucksters, it would have been of great benefit to the South. The population was now aroused, the streets filled with women and children, making to the upper part of the city, where they would find comparative safety.

The volunteer fire brigades brought out their engines, and parties of the citizen reserves were organized rapidly and quietly to be in readiness to give assistance where required. The first engine that reached the house struck by the first shell was one belonging to a negro company, and at it they went with a will, subduing the fire in a marvellously short time. At every successive whirr above them the niggers shouted quaint invectives against "cussed bobolitionists," scattering for shelter until the danger was passed. Through the streets I went and down to the Battery Promenade, meeting on my way sick and bed-ridden people, carried from their homes on mattresses, and mothers with infants in their arms, running they knew not whither. Reaching the Promenade, I cast my eyes towards the Federal position, and presently beyond James Island, across the marsh that separates it from Morris Island, came a flash and then a dull report, and after an interval of some seconds, a frightful rushing sound above me told the path the shell had taken; its flight must have been five miles!—*Cornhill Magazine.*

A Cooking Wagon for the Army of the Potomac.—A novel invention passed up Chestnut street a few days ago, attracting much attention. It was a cooking wagon, presented to the United States Christian Commission by a patriotic gentleman of this city. It was drawn by two fine horses. The cooking wagon consists of three boilers for making tea, coffee, and soup. From the furnace of each of these boilers a smoke-pipe rises, giving the machine the resemblance of a steam fire engine. Each boiler holds fourteen gallons, and is capable, while on the march, with good fuel, of boiling ten gallons each every twenty minutes, and when stationary, they will boil twelve gallons each in the same time, which would be from ninety to one hundred and eight gallons per hour. The machine is coupled together like a piece of artillery, and can be unlimbered and part of it sent after more provisions or wood, if necessary.

The provision chest, which is on the front part of the wagon, is fitted with japanned cans for holding respectively one hundred pounds of sugar, thirty pounds of ground coffee, twelve pounds of tea, twenty pounds of corn starch, and thirty pounds of extract of beef.

Two tin buckets accompany the machine, for the purpose of carrying water, soup, or coffee, to any distant portion of the field; also two gridirons, for toasting bread or broiling meats; and an axe, with which to cut wood for the furnaces. Under the wagon is a box, in which the fuel is carried.

The boilers in which tea and coffee are made contain a perforated strainer, on top, into which the tea or coffee is put, and which prevents the leaves and sediment from being drawn off with the liquid.

It is said that enough food can be cooked in this wagon to feed four hundred men at one time. It will prove of great use to the Commission's extensive operations in the Army of the Potomac.

☞ No one having made just observation can deny that the Gospel elevates all who are anyways obedient to its facts, principles, or spirit. While all other religious delusc, Christianity alone has proved itself able to exalt and ennoble its disciples. It has raised entire nations out of the horrible darkness of barbarism. It has aroused the dullest minds to the putting forth of marvellous powers, and it has quickened souls dead in trespasses and in sin with the flame of a new life. These are facts incontrovertible. They contain the argument and demonstration of the Divine origin and power of our religion which no sophistry can refute.

Good Words from England.

The following article from the Newcastle (England) Chronicle is a sharp rebuke of the British tories who persist in coloring events in the interest of the rebels:

"It is a melancholy reflection, that on no question in our day has so much want of candor been displayed, or so much dishonest perversion been resorted to, as on this question of the American revolt. The origin of the war, the object of the war, the progress of the war, the spirit in which the war is conducted, in spite of the clearest possible facts, have, one after the other, been disputed, denied, or perverted. When southern politicians, from Davis to Toombs, and from Stephens to Spratt, tell us that they design to establish a government based on the bondage of the laborer—when the bishops of the Episcopal church declare that the 'abolition of slavery is hateful, infidel, and pestilent,' and the Rev. Dr. Palmer adds that 'the providential trust of the South is to perpetuate the institution of domestic slavery now existing, with the freest scope for its natural development;' when the statesmen, journalists, and divines of the South join in one chorus of admiration for slavery, people among us are yet dishonest enough to aver that the question of slavery neither had nor has anything whatever to do with the rebellion of the South; that that rebellion was simply and entirely a question of tariff!

"Precisely the same spirit is shown in dealing with the events of the war. When Sherman drives Johnston into the interior of Georgia, Johnston succeeds in drawing Sherman from his base. When Grant attacks Lee in front, he is credited with the qualities of a bear. When he outflanks Lee he is afraid to meet him in the field. When he at last succeeds, by strength, courage, or strategy, in driving him from Fredericksburg to Richmond—why, then we are told that the Federal general might have reached that point long ago. While the opposing armies were on the Rapidan, we had no end of predictions that Grant would never see Richmond. When he at length does see it, we are assured that Grant is a fool for not taking a shorter route. Ever since Butler landed on the James, we have had almost daily assurances that the next mail would bring us news of his having been driven into the river. On the other hand, every repulse of the Federals, however trifling, has been magnified into a rout; while more than one success for the Confederates has been reported and gloried in twice or thrice over.

"If one had read the exclusive news of the Copperhead newspapers only, one would have been sorely puzzled to understand how it is that the North is not overrun; that Washington is not destroyed, and that the Armies of the Potomac and Cumberland exist at all. In the same, if Semmes didn't take the Kearsarge, it was only because his ship was out of repair and his enemy was chain-plated. Semmes wasn't beaten; he only committed 'a mistake.' But if the critics are severe on the Federals, they are exceedingly charitable to the slave owners. Semmes burns unarmed ships; runs away from the Federal cruisers; libels the victor in his first fair encounter, and the critics celebrate his gallantry and call him a hero. Like kings in the constitutional axiom, the slaveowners can do no wrong. They shoot negro teamsters at Murfreesboro; they give no quarter to the negro troops at Port Hudson; they burn alive the negro garrison at Fort Pillow—and never a word of protest or censure is uttered by the critics. They chain cannon balls to the legs of Federal officers at Atlanta; they starve Federal prisoners at Belle Isle; they make arrangements to blow up a military prison at Richmond; they slaughter men, women and children in Kansas; they play at nine pins with the bones of the Federal dead; they commit every conceivable atrocity, and many atrocities that are absolutely inconceivable—and yet no Confederate commentator on the war goes out of his way to condemn them. Quantrel is an energetic officer; Forrest is an able commander; and Winder is the mildest of jailers. Such is the way in which contemporary events are chronicled in England!"

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market has been unsettled and dull. Sales 10,000 bbls. Flour, in lots, at $8@8.50 for condemned; $9@9.50 for superfine; $9.75@10.50 for extras; $10.75@11.50 for common and good extra family; and $12@12.50 for fancy brands. Rye Flour is firm at $8.25@8.50 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN comes in slowly, sales reaching about 40,000 bushels Wheat, in lots, mostly for shipment, at $2.50@2.70 for fair to good and choice reds, leaving off at $2.72@2.85 for old Pennsylvania; $2.65@2.68 for choice new Southern, and $2.70@2.75 for white, the latter for prime Kentucky. Rye is selling at $1.70@1.75. Corn—Sales of 25,000 bushels yellow at $1.68@1.73 for Pennsylvania and Southern. Oats—Sales of 30,000 bushels at 90@92c for old Delaware and Pennsylvania, and 88c for new Southern. Barley and Malt are unchanged, and sales of 9,000@10,000 bushels of the latter are reported at $2.

PROVISIONS—The market is unsettled and dull. We quote Mess Pork nominally at $40@45, and Beef at $30@30 ₱ bbl for country and city packed Mess, Bacon at 23@26c for bagged Hams, 17c for Sides, and 16@17c for Shoulders. Green Meats are held at 18@20c for Hams, 15@16c for Shoulders, and 15@16½c for Sides in Salt. Lard is held at 19@20c for tierce. Kegs are scarce. Butter—Pennsylvania and Ohio packed range at from 28c to 35c ₱ lb. Cheese is selling at 17@21c per lb. Eggs are quoted at 21@22c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The week's sales reach about 300 bales, at from $1.50@1.63 for low to good middling quality, cash.

BEESWAX brings 30@35c ₱ lb.

COAL—Prices are unsettled and nearly nominal, at about $10@10.50 ₱ ton at Richmond.

COFFEE—The market is dull. Some 100 bags, mostly Rio, sold at 49½@52c, cash and 4 months.

COPPER is firm at 50c for sheets.

FEATHERS are quoted at 60@63c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—The sales are confined to green Apples and Peaches, which are coming in more freely and command fair prices.

HAY is firm and selling at $28@30 ₱ ton.

HOPS—Prices range at from 26 to 30c ₱ lb.

IRON continues scarce and high. Anthracite Pig ranges at $65@70 ₱ ton for the three numbers, with sales of 1500 tons at these rates, in lots. Prime Blooms are worth $135@160 ₱ ton.

LUMBER is rather more inquired for and firm, and sales are making at $22@31 for Susquehanna Boards, $21 for Lehigh Hemlock, and $27@30 for Yellow Sap do. No soft Lumber offering. White Pine Shingles range at $20@25, and Lathe at $1.75@2.50 ₱ M, the latter for Bangor.

PLASTER—Sales at $3 ₱ ton.

RICE—Rangoon is selling at 11@11½c ₱ lb.

SEEDS—There is very little doing in Cloverseed. Sales are reported at $6@6.75 ₱ bushel. Timothy—300 bushels sold at $4.25 ₱ bushel. Flaxseed if here would bring $2.75 ₱ bushel.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are scarce. N. E. Rum is held at 90c. Whiskey—Holders ask 180@185c for Penn'a and Western.

SUGARS are dull. Sales at 20@23c for Cuba and Porto Rico.

TALLOW—Sales at 10@10c ₱ lb.

WOOL—The market for this staple is less firm. 100,000 lbs medium and fine fleece at $1@1.10 ₱ lb, net, chiefly at $1.05.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1250 head. The prices realized from $12 to 16.50 ₱ 100 lbs. 6000 Hogs at from $14 to 15.00 ₱ 100 lbs. Sheep—7500 head were disposed of at from 6¼ to 7½c ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $50 to 80 ₱ head.

The Stones of the Temple.—The marble stones which composed Solomon's Temple were said to be forty cubits long, twelve thick, and eight high. Supposing a cubit to be eighteen inches, which is the lowest estimate, they would be sixty feet long, eighteen feet thick, and twelve feet high. And supposing a cubic foot of marble to weigh 2,707 ounces, one of these stones weighed 2,752,038 pounds and 12 ounces. And supposing one man to be able to raise 200 pounds, it would require 13,760 men to raise one of these, and also a little boy who could raise 38 pounds and 12 ounces. And supposing one man to require a square yard to stand upon, it would require 2 acres, 3 roods, 11 perches, and 12 yards for them to stand upon while raising it, besides a place for the little boy to stand. What floats must have been necessary to carry them across the sea to Joppa! And what kind of teams, as well as wagons, do you suppose they had to carry these stones from Joppa to Jerusalem, which was about thirty miles, and a mountainous country? And what skill was necessary to square and dress these immense stones, so that when they were brought together, they fitted so exactly that they had the appearance of being one solid stone.—*Casket.*

☞ The Watertown Daily Reformer relates an anecdote of General Grant. It says:—"When the General was a young lieutenant, he was stationed for some time at Sackett's Harbor, and in those days paid frequent visits to our village. He was a famous checker player, and was wont to spend many an hour at the old American Hotel in this absorbing game. But there was one of our citizens (whose name we are forbidden to mention) who could beat the lieutenant at his favorite game. But young Grant would never give up, and would insist on his competitor playing with him until he came out ahead, which he would, at last, always do. To secure this end he sometimes kept his friend up nearly all night, and would stay in town three days, studying his long-headed moves, and forcing his opponent to play until he beat him in the end. If the man declined playing when he was ahead, the lieutenant was offended, and thought him ungentlemanly in the extreme. Grant is now playing checkers in the same style with Lee on the Virginia Board."

☞ A Maltese offered his services to a dragoman at Alexandria. "Know English well, sir," said he; "have served many English gentlemen; I'm English subject, sir; I get drunk—get drunk, sir."

A Scientific Vegetable Combination of Rare Ingredients—Not a Dye.

For changing gray hair to its original color.
For promoting its growth and stopping its falling.
For cleansing the scalp, curing dandruff, &c.
For making the hair soft, flexible and glossy.
For preserving the original color to old age.

"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."

Read this Certificate.

I am happy to add my testimony to the great value of the "London Hair Color Restorer," which restored my hair to its original dark color, and the hue appears to be permanent. I am satisfied that the preparation is nothing like a dye, but operates upon the secretions. It is also a beautiful hair dressing, and promotes the growth. I purchased the first bottle from Edward H. Garrigues, Druggist, Tenth and Coates streets, who can also testify my hair was very gray when I commenced its use. Mrs. Miller,
No. 720 North Ninth street, Philada.

Such testimony is daily received from all sections of the country. One bottle will satisfy any one that it is entirely different and vastly superior to all other hair preparations. Price 75 cents per bottle; six bottles, $4. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. jy16-eow

Colds and Coughs.—Sudden changes of climate are sources of *Pulmonary and Bronchial affections.* Experience having proved that simple remedies act speedily and certainly when taken in the early stage of disease, recourse should at once be had to "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," or Lozenges, let the Cold, Cough or Irritation of the Throat be ever so slight, as by this precaution a more serious attack may be effectually warded off. Soldiers should have them, as they can be carried in the pocket and taken as occasion requires.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Hyatt Smith, Henry Halborn, of this city, to Miss Margaret Livingston, of England.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. W. S. Hall, Mr. R. E. Rand, to Miss Priscilla B. Scott, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Castle, assisted by the Rev. R. P. Carson, Charles S. Stockman, to Carrie, daughter of the late Ezra Risley, Esq.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. Geo. Leeds, D. D., Hartley Knight, to Marianne, daughter of Richard S. Child, Esq.

On the 27th of May, by the Rev. Mr. Burns, Mr. John A. Nightlinger, to Miss Mary Christy, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Thos. Brainerd, William Paul, to Amelia J. Low, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. A. Cather, Mr. Oliver B. Server, to Miss Louisa D. Haines, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

Near Moorestown, N. J., on the 22d instant, Rebecca A. Hooton, in her 48th year.

On the 19th instant, James Kirkpatrick, aged 31 years.

On the 19th instant, George Snyder, in his 60th year.

On the 19th instant, Michael English, in his 46th year.

On the 19th instant, Elizabeth, wife of John Jones, aged 66 years.

On the 19th instant, Mr. Daniel Pleasants.

On the 18th instant, Henry F. Melvin, in his 43d year.

On the 18th instant, Mary A. Hornefy, in her 26th year.

On the 17th instant, Robert Kyte, in his 30th year.

On the 16th instant, Mr. Thomas Marshall, in his 59th year.

On the 13th instant, Samuel C. Anderson, in his 43d year.

On the 17th instant, Mr. Horatio S. Hendrickson, in his 41st year.

Extra Attention to Strangers during the Sanitary Fair.

Full stock of FANCY GOODS.
Full stock of STAPLE GOODS.
Full stock of SUMMER SHAWLS.
Full stock of BLACK SILKS.

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mar12-1y 400 ARCH Street.

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McAllisters,
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Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

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North College Avenue, Philadelphia.

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jy30-2t Secretary.

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OF
CHURCH MUSIC;

Containing all the PSALM AND HYMN TUNES, CHANTS, &c., used in Trinity Church, New York, and its three Chapels. By Edward Hodges, Mus. Doc. of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, England. With valuable additions by the editor, S. Parkman Tuckerman, Mus. Doc. Organist and Director of Music in St. Paul's Church, Boston. Price in cloth binding, $3,00; boards, $2,50.

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jy30-tf Publishers, 277 Washington St., Boston.

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N. B.—Views of COUNTRY SEATS, HORSES, &c., taken on moderate terms. jan 2-tf

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Are not only unexcelled, but they are positively unequalled by any reed instrument in the country for SWEETNESS of TONE, POWER and DURABILITY. For sale only by E. M. BRUCE,
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WEST JERSEY RAILROAD LINES.—Commencing Monday, June 20, 1864, from WALNUT Street Pier.

FOR CAPE MAY.

At 6 and 10 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.
For Salem and Bridgeton at 9 A. M. and 4 P. M.
For Glassboro' at 6, 9 and 10 A. M.; 4 and 4:30 P. M.
For Woodbury, Gloucester, &c., at 6 and 9 A. M., 12 M., and 4 and 6 P. M.

RETURNING TRAINS.

Leave Cape May at 6 and 11:45 A. M., and 5 10 P. M.
Leave Millville at 7:40 A. M. and 1:52 and 6:50 P. M.
Leave Salem at 6 A. M. and 1:15 P. M.
Leave Bridgeton at 6:15 A. M. and 1:30 P. M.
Leave Glassboro' at 7:10 and 8:35 A. M. and 2:23, 3 and 7:50 P. M.
Leave Woodbury at 7, 7:40 and 8:51 A. M. and 2:50, 3:29, 5:05 and 8:12 P. M.

THE WEST JERSEY EXPRESS COMPANY, Office No. 5 Walnut street, will call for and deliver Baggage and attend to all the usual branches of Express business. Heavy articles taken by the 6 A. M. line only, and must be sent to the office the evening previous. Perishable articles by this line must be sent before 5½ A. M. A special messenger accompanies each train. J. VAN RENSSELAER,
jy16-3* Superintendent.

A SPLENDID STORY BY SYLVANUS COBB, Jr., in the PRINTER'S DEVIL this week at all Newsdealers.

☞ This popular family paper will be sent six months on trial for 25 cents. Address "*Printer's Devil*, 113 Fulton street, New York." 1t

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VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT,

PINT BOTTLES AT FIFTY CENTS, for the cure of lameness, scratches, wind galls, sprains, bruises, splints, cuts, colic, slipping stifle, over heating, sore throat, nail in the foot, etc. It is warranted cheaper and better than any other article ever offered to the public. Thousands of animals have been cured of the colic and over-heating by this Liniment; and hundreds that were crippled and lame have been restored to their former vigor. It is used by all the first horsemen throughout the States. Orders are constantly received from the Racing Stables of England for fresh supplies of this invaluable article. *Over 2,500 testimonials have been received. Remember*, 50 cents laid out in time may save the life of your horse.

Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York. jy30-2teow

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DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM,
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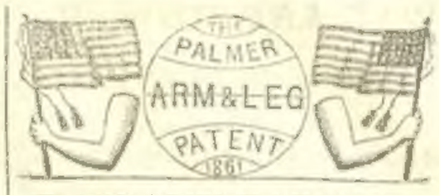

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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
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It is entirely noiseless.
A patent device prevents it being turned backward.
The needle cannot be set wrong.
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Send for a circular containing full information, notices from the press, testimonials from those using the machine, &c. JAMES WILLCOX,
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jy2-3m

THERE ARE METEOR INVENTIONS
That flash up for a moment in the newspapers and pass to oblivion. There are also
GRAND DISCOVERIES
which take a permanent hold of public estimation, and Last for All Time.
Permanent among the latter class stands
CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,
A vegetable preparation, harmless as water, which in five minutes
TRANSFORMS GRAY HAIR,
Or hair of any unpleasant hue, to a glorious black or enchanting brown. Unique in its composition and infallible in its results, it has achieved popularity with both sexes, with every class of society, and in all parts of the world.
Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
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Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. Price, $1, $1,50 and $2 per box, according to size.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative
Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the hair.
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BRANDRETH'S PILLS.—The Weak, the Consumptive, Rheumatic, Costive, Bilious and Delicate, after some days' use, will find renewed strength and life pervade every organ of their frames.

Every dose makes the blood purer. The nerves commence in the arteries and terminate in the veins. These pills, as a first effect, act upon the arterial blood, increasing the circulation, by which impurities are deposited in the veins, and they throw off such collections into the bowels, which organs, by the energy derived from Brandreth's Pills, expel them from the system. When first used, the Pills may occasion griping, and even make the patient feel worse. This is an excellent sign, and shows the disease will soon be cured. No great good is often achieved without some trouble in its attainment, and this rule applies to the recovery of health.

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Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. jy30-2teow

AGENTS WANTED.—$30 per month guaranteed. For terms and specimens, address with stamp, L. L. TODD & CO.,
jy2-3m New York.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Life in the Country;

OR,

The Experience of Mr. and Mrs. Sparrowgrass.

It is a good thing to live in the country. To escape from the prison walls of the metropolis—the great brickery we call "the city"—and to live amid blossoms and leaves, in shadow and sunshine, in moonlight and starlight, in rain, mist, dew, hoar-frost, and drought, out in the open campaign, and under the blue dome that is bounded by the horizon only. It is a good thing to have a well with dripping buckets, a porch with honey-buds and sweet bells, a hive embroidered with nimble bees, a sun-dial mossed over, ivy up the eaves, curtains of dimity, a tumbler of fresh flowers in your bed-room, a rooster on the roof, and a dog under the piazza.

When Mrs. Sparrowgrass and I moved into the country, with our heads full of fresh butter, and cool, crisp radishes for tea; with ideas entirely lucid with respect to milk, and a looseness of calculation as to the number in family it would take a good laying hen to supply with fresh eggs every morning; when Mrs. Sparrowgrass and I moved into the country, we found some preconceived notion had to be abandoned, and some departures made from the plans we had laid down in the little back parlor in avenue G.

One of the first achievements in the country is early rising, with the lark—with the sun—while the dew is on the grass, "under the open eyelids of the morn," and so forth. What can be done with five or six o'clock in town? What can be done at those hours in the country? With the hoe, the rake, the dibble, the spade, the watering-pot? To plant, prune, drill, transplant, graft, train and sprinkle! Mrs. S. and I agreed to rise *early* in the country.

"Richard and Robin were two pretty men,
They laid in bed till the clock struck ten;
Up jumped Richard and looked at the sky;
Oh, brother Robin! the sun's *very* high."

Early rising in the country is not an instinct; it is a sentiment, and must be cultivated.

A friend recommended me to send to the south side of Long Island for some very prolific potatoes—the real hippopotamus breed. Down went my man, and what with expenses of horse hire, tavern bills, toll gates, and breaking a wagon, the hippopotami cost as much apiece as pine-apples. They were fine potatoes though, with comely features, and large, languishing eyes, that promised increase of family without delay. As I worked my own garden, (for which I hired a landscape gardener at two dollars per day to give me instructions,) I concluded that my first experience in early rising should be the planting of the hippopotamuses. I accordingly rose next morning at five, and it rained! I rose next day at five, and it rained! The next, and it rained! It rained for two weeks! We had splendid potatoes every day for dinner.

"My dear," said I to Mrs. Sparrowgrass, "where did you get these fine potatoes?"

"Why," said she, innocently, "out of that basket from Long Island!"

The last of the Hippotamuses were before me, peeled, and boiled, and mashed, and baked, with a nice thin brown crust on the top.

I was more successful afterward. I did get some fine seed potatoes in the ground. But something was the matter; at the end of the season I did not get as many out as I put in.

Mrs. Sparrowgrass, who was a notable housewife, said to me one day:

"Now, my dear, we shall soon have plenty of eggs, for I have been buying a lot of young chickens."

There they were, each one with as many feathers as a grasshopper, and a chirp not louder. Of course we looked forward with pleasant hopes to the period when the first tackle should announce the milk-white egg, warmly deposited in the hay, which we had provided bountifully. They grew finely, and one day I ventured to remark that our hens had remarkably large combs, to which Mrs. S. replied:

"Yes, indeed, she had observed that; but if I wanted a real treat, I ought to get up early in the morning and hear them crow."

"Crow," said I, faintly, "our hens crowing! Then, by

——'the cock that crowed in the morn,
To wake the priest all shaven and shorn,'

we might as well give up the hopes of having any eggs," said I, "for, as sure as you live, Mrs. S., our hens are all roosters!"

And so they were roosters! that grew up and fought with the neighbors' chickens until there was not a whole pair of eyes on either side of the fence.

A *dog* is a good thing to have in the country. I have one which I raised from a pup. He is a good, stout fellow, and a hearty barker and feeder. The man of whom I bought him said he was thorough-bred, but he begins to have a mongrel look about him. He is a good watch dog though, for, the moment he sees any suspicious-looking person about the premises, he comes right into the kitchen and gets behind the stove. First we kept him in the house, and he scratched all night to get out. Then we turned him out, and he scratched all night to get in. Then we tied him up at the back of the garden, and he howled so that our neighbor shot at him before daybreak. Finally, we gave him away, and he came back; and now he is just recovering from a fit, in which he has torn up the patch that had been sown for our spring radishes.

A good, strong gate is a necessary article for your garden. A good, strong, heavy gate, with a dislocated hinge, so that it will neither open nor shut. Such an one had I last year. The grounds before my fence are in common, and all the neighbors' cows pasture there. I remarked to Mrs. S., as we stood at the window in June last, how placid and picturesque the cattle looked, as they strolled about, cropping the green herbage. Next morning I found the innocent creatures in my garden. They had not left a green thing in it. The corn in the milk, the beans on the poles, the young cabbages, the tender lettuce, even the thriving shoots on my young trees had vanished. And there they were, looking quietly on the ruin they had made. Our watch-dog was foregathering with them. It was too much, so I got a large stick and drove them all out, except a young heifer, which I chased all over the flower-beds, breaking down my trellises, my roses and petunias, until I cornered her in a hot-bed. I had to call for assistance to extricate her from the sashes, and her owner sued me for damages and recovered. I believe I shall move in town.

IT'S A WAY WE HAVE IN THE ARMY.

MILD CIVILIAN TO MILITARY FELLOW TRAVELLER.—"Know that officer just got out, sir? Seems to have seen an immensity of service."

MILITARY FELLOW TRAVELLER.—"Don't know, I'm shaw; b'longs to the other bwanch of the sawvice, pwabably." [N. B.—M. F. T. belongs to the Mounted Branch.

A NOVELTY.—A Mlle. P—— advertises a salve for the production of a slight down on the lips of ladies, a little moustache, so great is the favor the hair on the upper lip of woman is received with in France. We remember a picture by Van Ennling of Adam and Eve, in which Eve is painted with a pretty little beard and moustache. The ladies of the present day have perhaps become more effeminate than their ancestors, and Van Ennling might have been warranted by tradition in his portrait of Eve.—*Court Journal.*

☞ A lady who keeps a French boarding-house says she has no objection to accommodating any of her countrymen, except the *Board-ose* people.

AGRICULTURAL.

About Gardens.

A garden brings with it a host of friends and foes. Not only friends to praise it and foes to disparage it, and nip our youngest blossoms in the bud—friends and foes of another sort—birds, reptiles, insects, creatures with voracious appetites and destructive habits, and who fully deserve the hard names naturalists have called them. There's the *Erinaceus Europæus*—well, the hedgehog—and the *Mustela vulgaris*—or the weasel, if you like it better—the *Troglodytes vulgaris*—or the wren—and, dropping the long names, there's the sparrow, and earthworm, and spiders, and moths, and beetles, all taking possession of a garden as if it were especially got up for their entertainment, and that our Cincinnatus was exclusively engaged for their comfort and accommodation.

Look at that twittering sparrow; it appears to be concentrating all its energies on the destruction of the young buds, as by and by, in the fruit season, it will peck all the best fruit—quite a connoisseur in its way. If we could but keep our gardens clear of sparrows—ah me! our gardens would be far less beautiful, far less prolific than they are. How do we prove that? We—the editorial "we"—don't prove it, but a certain distinguished sovereign, whose life has recently occupied the pen of the sage of Cheyne-walk, swept his garden clear of sparrows, to save his cherries, and the caterpillars and the wireworms revenged their death by eating up all the forbidden fruit in King Frederick's paradise!

"The proprietors of gardens," says the Rev. J. G. Wood, "have a special reason of gratitude towards the sparrow. Gooseberries are a favorite food, whether fresh or preserved, and we are too often doomed to see our trees lose their leaves, and the crop of fruit fail, solely through the attacks of the gooseberry fly, the dark grey grubs of which are so plentiful and so voracious. These grubs are very pleasing to the sparrow palate, and accordingly are killed in great numbers by that indefatigable bird. For many successive days the sparrows may be seen filling their beaks with gooseberry grubs, and bearing them off to their young."*

The wireworm, one of the most destructive of the insect tribe, is also a favorite food of the sparrow; and although the sparrow himself is not purely innocent of depredation, he saves a vast deal more than he consumes by preying on the ravenous insects. A massacre of sparrows is straightway followed by a plague of caterpillars. So you observe that when we make war on the sparrow we indirectly make war upon ourselves, and, to say nothing of the heartless cruelty of a wholesale destruction, entail a heavy penalty for our want of sense. It is bad enough when the innocent birds are shot—one was shot, for example, with three green caterpillars and three daddy longlegs in its beak, and another with no less than twenty green caterpillars in his crop—but it is still worse when poisoned wheat is used. "Eight hundred birds," says Mr. Wood, "have been destroyed at a single dressing of the ground with poisoned wheat, and their murderess—for I regret to say that the owner of the grounds belonged to that which we call the gentler sex—was so inspirited by her success that she rapidly prepared for a second battue." In one year no less than 7,261 sparrows and other birds were shot by the valiant members of a sparrow club; birds that, at the very lowest computation, would have destroyed twenty millions of caterpillars, grubs, and other noxious creatures.

Now it is plain from this statement that in regarding the sparrow as a garden foe we act both with ignorance and injustice. The sparrow is the gardener's friend; and if so good a friend occasionally partakes of our hospitality, we must be sad churls to grudge him his meal.

But it is not with the sparrow alone that we betray our want of discrimination between friends and foes. The hedgehog has been regarded as an enemy—accused of carrying away apples and eggs, and draining cows of their milk—whereas it in reality feeds on earthworms, snails, and slugs. An alliance with the shrew-mouse may also be safely concluded; he does no harm to any living being except to the insects on which he feeds. Against the weasel not a single word of complaint can seriously be urged; neither mouse nor rat nor mole can carry on their depredations with impunity while a weasel is in the neighborhood. And the bats—often looked upon with suspicion—snap up almost every winged insect that comes across their path. Foes! Surely we are our own worst enemies in calling them by that name.

Then there is the toad. Nay, never shudder, but give it a welcome to garden and greenhouse; extend your hospitality to the common frog—a far more elegant and agile being than many a one who goes a-wooing—both are deserving of your favor, and will repay it four-fold.

But while we are careful in our friends' (and our own) interests, and mercifully (and economically) spare sparrows, &c., busy in our service, it is plain that we have foes—enemies on whom our allies have declared interminable war.

Slugs—the whole family—are the most destructive foes to a well-kept garden. They burrow deeply into the earth during the daytime, and so escape the vigilance of the gardener, but under cover of darkness they come forth, damage the youngest and fairest herbage, spoiling everything, reducing our lettuces to short stumps, and insidiously insinuating themselves into our garden frames, where they may banquet at leisure, being warned to their earthly homes—like ghosts—by cockcrow.

Ammonia is the surest and safest way of destroying slugs. Take some solid ammonia and dissolve it in water, so as to make a very weak solution, and, in the dusk of the evening, water carefully every inch of ground. The slugs crawl from their dens to ascertain the occasion of so objectionable an odor, and there they lie paralysed by the potent fluid, their skin turns white, and they yield quietly to their fate. For trees trained against a wall, lime is a good preservative. A tolerably thick layer should be strewn along the base of the wall, and as the slugs are very apt to crawl over a wall in order to get at the trees, on the opposite side another layer should be sprinkled along the top. The sharp lime-dust is peculiarly noxious to the slug, and the creature will not cross even a slight line of the white powder. But the lime must be renewed about once a week even in calm weather, and in stormy seasons requires constant attention.

While the large majority of slugs are unquestionably our garden foes, exception must be made in favor of a rather elegant little specimen bearing the name of Tertacella. It does not feed upon vegetables; its food consists almost wholly of the earthworm, which it tracks in its devious course just as a weasel tracks a rabbit. Whether worm-killing is a positive advantage to the garden is a point not yet settled, but it is very certain their destruction can do little harm.

Next to slugs—in the abhorrence of gardeners—are the snails. The solution of ammonia, already mentioned, is as fatal to snails as it is to the slugs, and if their shells are broken, and they are thrown into a vessel in which is a supply of tolerably strong ammoniated water, their death is certain.

But another class of garden foes are woodlice or slaters. They are voracious, and eat the outer skin of many plants, besides infesting the ripening fruits. They encamp in a cucumber frame, from which they can only with great difficulty be expelled. "All the species require moisture, and thrive best in damp places, dying if kept for a long space of time in a really dry atmosphere. Also they love darkness and sheltered crannies, seldom appearing during the daytime, and by a judicious blending of these requisites the woodlice can mostly be enticed into spots whence they can be taken at will. Perhaps the very best and simplest plan is to lay a large slate in a sloping position against the wall, and then another slate upon it, keeping them about a quarter of an inch apart by little bits of wood. If the ground on which the slates rest be well watered so that the moisture shall be exhaled about the slates, the woodlice will flock to the spot, and may be captured by merely removing the upper slate." The best method of keeping off the woodlice is a liberal use of gas-tar, the contact and odor of which to them are particularly disagreeable.

With regard to insects, they comprise the largest, perhaps the most formidable, number of garden foes, but a few friends are mingled with them. Nearly the whole beetle family, for example, are flesh eaters, and do little or no damage in a garden of any act of which Flora or Pomona in mood most petulant could complain.

One of the worst foes of vegetation is the wireworm. "Lettuce leaves laid in heaps afford great attraction for them, and the grubs can be daily taken out of these simple traps. Hand-picking is also most valuable; it is generally useless to search for the wireworm upon the leaves; but whenever you see a plant drooping from no assignable cause, just remove the earth about the roots with the fingers, and there you will in all probability find the delinquent, a long-bodied, tough-skinned, yellowish grub, which must immediately be immolated."

We have spoken of the earthworm. Mr. Wood, admitting all the damage of which the earthworm can be accused, states his own conviction that it is a most useful ally. "It makes," he says, "innumerable drains, permitting the air to penetrate into the earth, and forming passages through which the superabundant moisture can be conveyed into the greater depths where it is needed, and it continually flings fresh and beautifully fine soil upon the surface, forming in fact an invaluable "top-dressing" such as money cannot purchase." In concluding a book which we most heartily commend to the attention of all our readers, Mr. Wood says: "If any strange insect or other being should be found in our garden, and we do not see it actually engaged in the work of destruction, or do not know it to be one of the garden foes, the safest as well as the most humane plan will be to rank it for the present as a neutral, and in all cases rather to run the risk of allowing an enemy to escape than of destroying as a foe a creature that is really one of our friends."

* "Our Garden Friends and Foes." By the Rev. J. G. Wood. (Routledge, Warne & Routledge.)

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

PRESERVATION OF THE TEETH.—Horace Walpole says ("Letters," vol. iii. p. 276), "Use a little bit of alum twice or thrice in a week, no bigger than half your nail, till it has all dissolved in your mouth, and then spit it out. This has fortified my teeth, that they are as strong as the pen of Junius. I learned it of Mrs. Grosvenor, who had not a speck in her teeth till her death." Do not let your brushes be too hard, as they are likely to irritate the gums and injure the enamel. Avoid too frequent use of tooth powder, and be very cautious what kind you buy, as many are prepared with destructive acids. Those who brush their teeth carefully and thoroughly with tepid water and a soft brush (cold water should never be used, for it chills and injures the nerves) have no occasion to use powder. Should any little incrustation (tartar) appear on the sides or at the back of the teeth, which illness and very often the constant eating of sweetmeats, fruit, and made dishes containing acids will cause, put a little magnesia on your brush, and after two or three applications it will remove it. While treating on the care of the teeth, which is a subject of the highest importance to those who have young families, and in fact every one who wishes to preserve them, I beg to remind my readers that as the period generally occupied by sleep is calculated to be about (at least) six hours out of the twenty-four, it would greatly promote the healthful maintenance of the priceless pearls whose loss or decay so greatly influences our appearance and our comfort if we were to establish a habit of carefully cleaning them with a soft brush before going to bed. The small particles of food clogging the gums impede circulation, generate tartar and caries, and affect the breath. Think of an amalgamation of cheese, flesh, sweetmeats, fruit, &c., in a state of decomposition, remaining wedged between our teeth for six or seven hours; yet how few ever take the trouble to attend to this most certain cause of toothache, discoloration, and decay, entailing the miseries of scaling, plugging, extraction, and the crowning horror—false teeth!

EGGS FOR BURNS.—The white of an egg has proved of late the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successive applications of this substance soothe the pain and effectually exclude the burned parts from the air. This simple remedy seems far preferable to collodion or even cotton.

CORN GRIDDLECAKES.—Scald at night half the quantity of meal you are going to use, mix the other with cold water, having it the consistency of thick batter; add a little salt and set it to rise; it will need no yeast. In the morning the cakes will be light and crisp.

JOHNNY CAKES.—"Shorten" corn meal dough with good lard, and season with salt. No soda or saleratus should be used. Bake on a board two feet long, and six inches wide, by setting up on one edge before the fire.

TO REMOVE PARTICLES FROM THE EYE.—Draw the upper lid down over the lower one and let it remain a moment; or, drop a flax seed in the eye and let it come out, and it will be apt to bring the particle with it.

TO GET MUSLINS QUITE CLEAR.—When they are washed, use isinglass instead of starch. When dissolved, strain it.

A GOOD DINNER.—To dress in perfect taste requires a combination of very high artistic qualities, the senses of form and color, superadded to that indefinite but most necessary quality, taste: the result moreover appeals only to the comparatively limited few who possess the same gifts. Similar endowments are also required for the perfect arrangement of home, garden, or equipage; but any one has the capacity for enjoying a good dinner. Even the vulgar, boasting Great Briton, who turns up his nose at "kickshaws," and professes to like nothing so well as a plain joint, sits a convicted humbug before the really scientific dinner, which he enjoys without rhyme or reason—but enjoys nevertheless. The plain truth is, that, putting gormandizing aside, food to be health-giving must be scientifically prepared, and that the most scientific cookery is the best both for the palate and the digestion. Nature has, of course, gifted some hardy individuals with stomachs and powers of digestion capable of enduring ill-cooked victuals, meat in its pristine state of rawness, or out of which a bungling application of some culinary process has extracted the greater part of the nutriment, but these can only be regarded as exceptions which prove nothing, and which cannot be made the basis of any sound reasoning. The logical consequence of this evidently is, that good cookery is absolutely necessary to health, and consequently to the happiness of life, and this is a truth which (however blindly and ineffectually people are apt to strive after its realization) is getting to be better and better appreciated every day.

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 56 letters.
My 43, 23, 1, 5, 53, 10, 7, 12, 41, 20, 31, 32, 18, 23, is an explanation.
My 10, 25, 40, 47, 27, 36, is a town in Bohemia.
My 30, 13, 51, 3, 30, 35, 32, 33, 42, is a form of religious instruction.
My 46, 29, 38, 12, 37, 18, 14, 28, 40, is a town in Spain.
My 55, 29, 48, 26, 23, 39, 1, is the lowest hereditary title.
My 4, 35, 36, 31, 11, 50, 23, 45, is a group of isles belonging to Scotland.
My 42, 32, 46, 20, 28, 51, 2, 43, 26, 10, 12, is a miserable object.
My 45, 50, 44, 15, 52, 22, is a river in Central Europe.
My 45, 43, 20, 42, 17, 9, 24, 38, is a line which divides a circle into two equal parts.
My 19, 11, 18, 53, 49, 23, 6, 8, is a town in Italy.
My 21, 11, 16, 34, 54, 44, 18, 27, 46, is an adjective signifying something soft and adhesive.
My 54, 44, 9, 49, 48, 16, 56, 21, 23, 15, 42, is the time between the death of a king and the accession of his successor.
My whole is an extract from Dryden.

West Chester, Pa. R. H. WALTER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 20, 3, 9, 23, 22, was the goddess of fire.
My 15, 6, 2, 11, 24, 12, is a celebrated watering place.
My 18, 14, 4, 19, 22, 8, 17, is a military rank.
My 6, 13, 16, 10, 5, was a heathen goddess.
My 1, 7, 12, 17, 21, is an inscription.
My whole is exciting attention and interest.

EVA.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in foot, but not in hand.
My second is in earth, but not in sand.
My third is in eat, but not in drink.
My fourth is in beaver, but not in mink.
My fifth is in scar, but not in wound.
My sixth is in straight, but not in round.
My seventh is in tart, but not in pie.
My eighth is in laugh, but not in sigh.
My ninth is in daughter, but not in son.
My tenth is in carbine, but not in gun.
My eleventh is in dry, but not in wet.
My twelfth is in enjoy, but not in fret.
My thirteenth is in old, but not in new.
My fourteenth is in fry, but not in stew.
My fifteenth is in firm, but not in weak.
My sixteenth is in proud, but not in meek.
My seventeenth is in impede, but not in hold.
My eighteenth is in heat, but not in cold.
My nineteenth is in food, but not in drink.
My twentieth is in nod, but not in wink.
My twenty-first is in harm, but not in wrong.
My whole is the name of a patriotic song.

St. Louis. YATES.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a mass of water,
Surging unto the sea.
My second's an interjection,
Used both in care and glee.
My third is a snare, be wary,
And walk with open eyes,
For many have been entangled,
Even the good and wise.
My whole is a deadly weapon,
Now often seen around,
And we turn away in sorrow,
From its track upon the ground.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A cylindrical vessel full of water, and closed at top, will just stand upon an inclined plane without falling over. Now, if a small hole is made in the side, at the lowest point of the top diameter, what distance from the foot of the cylinder will the water spout on the plane, the length of vessel, and diameter of its base, being 40 and 30 inches respectively?

GILL BATES.

Hopeville, Clarke Co., Iowa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a triangle, A B C, are given the sides, A B 80, A C 70, and B C 60. Within the triangle is a point, D, so situated that the angle A D B is 130 degrees, A D C 120 degrees, and B D C 110 degrees. Required, the distances A D, B D and C D? Will Reuben Barto please answer? WALTER SIVERLY.

Oil City, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Anagrams on Rivers.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

No no lame hag.	Some dines.
P. draw yard.	Red pine.
Pea farce.	A gust.
Hang ye all.	A wind.
Negro raid.	My stars!
Peach rot.	In her.
Hannah does.	Ringe.
Bentleysville, Pa.	S. B. WEST.

Answers to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Samuel Hornes Glenny. CHARADE—Car-til-age. CHARADE — Hohenlinden (Hoe-hen-Lynn-den.) — CHARADE—Reward.

Answer to PROBLEM by Gill Bates, published June 11th.—Diameter, 6.358 in. Altitude, 2.169. Walter Siverly, Morgan Stevens, Jas. M. Greenwood.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBABILITY QUESTION, published same date.—$\frac{6}{24}$. J. N. Soders. $\frac{1}{2}$, or 1 : 4. Jas. M. Greenwood. 0.19982. A. Martin.

Answer to S. G. Cagroin's PROBLEM, same date.—11230.57 ft.—9725.67 ft.—5615.28 ft. Morgan Stevens and the author.